

SPECIAL BASEBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 9, 1979

\$1.25

WHO'S BEST?

DAVE PARKER

JIM RICE



National Smoker Study:



Merit Science Works!

Low tar MERIT with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco delivers taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar brands.

The 'Enriched Flavor' science of low tar MERIT, 12 years in the making, isolates and fortifies flavor components of smoke for a taste way out of proportion to tar. Can that taste satisfy the toughest critics of low tar smoking—current smokers of high tar cigarettes?

Read the results from a detailed, nationwide research effort involving smokers who taste-tested MERIT against leading high tar brands.

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

And in interviews conducted among current

MERIT smokers:

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but continues to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT science has produced what it claims: The first real taste alternative for high tar smokers.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1979

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—

100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

HOW TO RING AROUND THE WORLD



DIAL DIRECT

If your area has International Dialing, you have the whole world at your fingertips, and you can reach anywhere—in no time! Here's how it works to London, for instance. Dial:

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COUNTRY CODE

CITY CODE

011 + 44 + 1 + LOCAL NUMBER

Take advantage of your International Dialing Service. It not only saves you time, but money. Like, 90¢ on a 3-minute call to London—that's more than 16%. And there are comparable savings around the world.

ALMOST DIRECT

Until you get International Dialing, here's the way to speed up your overseas calls. Dial 0, and be ready to tell the Operator the country, city and local number you want. Specify Station or Person. The faster you give your information, the faster you reach your party—and that helps free the Operator for the next call, and the next time you want to call. And on Station calls not requiring special operator assistance, you can get the same low rates as International Dialing.

P.S. Everyone can dial direct to Canada and the Caribbean, to Alaska and Hawaii and to parts of Mexico—just as you dial direct to cities inside the continental U.S.

Announcing a new line or a new heir, you can tell the world faster if you keep a record of the codes you use—and use them.



Bell System



KEEP THESE INTERNATIONAL DIALING CODES

DIAL DIRECT=Dial 011 + Country Code + City Code + Local Number

ALMOST DIRECT—Dial 0 and tell the Operator the country, city and local number.

ANDORRA	33	Pirena	42	Rennes	60	Rash	231	LEICHTENSTEIN	41	Basilica	34	S. Martin	60
AR. POINTS	078	Reccio	31	Roubaix	61	Shade	331		75	Bogota	48	Sophia	61
ARGENTINA	34	Santa Fe	32	S. Eulene	77	Tar	41	LUXEMBOURG	362	Cebu	32	Wangshui	52
AR. POINTS	078	Santiago	2	Siraboua	88	Teheran	21	AR. POINTS	+	Davao	35	Zurich	52
BOLIVIA	31	Talcahuano	42	GERMAN		IRAQ	994	MALAYSIA	60	Isla	13	TAIPEI	680
BOLIVIA	31	Valparaiso	31	DEMOCRATIC		IRAN	1	AR. POINTS	+	Manila	30	AR. POINTS	+
BOLIVIA	31	Vina del Mar	31	REP	37	ISRAEL	972	AR. POINTS	+	Rangoon	43	THAILAND	86
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edition available nowhere else PLUS special bonus with this and
each further album: frameable, full-color portrait of every artist!

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Now hear Louis & Bessie, Benny & Bix, the Hawk, the Duke...flawlessly reproduced in sound so clear, you've got to hear it to believe it!

Now, TIME-LIFE RECORDS introduces a spectacular recording project: **GIANTS Of Jazz**—featuring such legendary artists as Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, Duke Ellington, Bix Beiderbecke, Earl Hines, plus the great guitarists, clarinetists and pianists in a collection that virtually nobody in the world could duplicate.

Vintage recordings from many labels

Drawing on vintage material from such labels as Vocalion, Bluebird, Okeh, Brunswick, Gennet, Victor and Columbia, these albums present the greatest original recordings of those legendary performers—including many that were never issued.

In brilliantly restored monaural sound

Each of these recordings has been reproduced in the original monaural sound...no electronic gimmickry, no rechanneling. (To eliminate distortion and let the authentic sound shine through, engineers at Columbia Records developed a system of restoration unparalleled in the industry. And that's the system we've used to restore the hundreds of classic recordings in **GIANTS Of Jazz**.)

NEW from

**TIME
LIFE
RECORDS**

Every magnificent album in **GIANTS Of Jazz** includes:

- Three LP records, produced in authentic monaural sound (on eight-track tape cartridges or cassettes)
- Up to 40 classic selections, many of them rare, some never issued before.
- A handsome 48-page biography and discography.
- Each album \$19.95* plus shipping and handling, on a 10-day free audition basis, shipped every other month. Tape cartridges and cassettes \$2 extra (*\$24.95 in Canada)
- A separate, frameable full-color reproduction of the cover portrait.

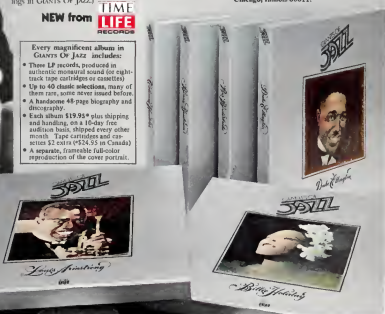
America's most original music

As a result, you'll hear what makes jazz the sweetest, saddest, happiest, most original and important music America ever created. And from Duke Ellington's evocative *Catman* to Coleman Hawkins' matchless *Body and Soul*, Bix Beiderbecke's brilliant *Riverboat Shuffle* to Billie Holiday's sassy *Miss Brown to You*, you'll hear jazz the way it must have sounded to the immortal men and women who originally created it during the Golden Age.

Hear the immortal Louis Armstrong in 40 of his greatest original recordings FREE FOR 10 DAYS!

Dipper Mouth Blues (1924), *Copenhagen* (1925), *Cake Walking Babies from Home*, *Gallop Blues*, *Cold as Heart* (1926), *My Heart* (1927), *Hebrew Jamboree*, *Georgia Bo Bo*, *Coronet Chop*, *Saxophone Street* (1928), *Wild Man Blues*, *Potato Head Blues*, *Ory's Creole Trombone*, *I'm Not Rough*, *Savory Blues*, *Willie the Weeper* (1929), *West End Blues*, *Tight Like This*, *Muggles* (1930), *Knuckles a Jug*, *Dallas Blues*, *Ann's Madhouse*, *That Rhythm Man*, *Mahogany Hall Stomp*, *What Did I Do to Be So*, *Black and Blue*, *Some of These Days* (1931), *My Sweet*, *Sweethearts on Parade* (1932), *When It's Sleepy-Time Down South*, *Star Dust*, *Blue Again* (1933), *Some Sweet Day* (1934), *Song of the Vipers*, *On the Sunny Side of the Street* (1935), *When the Saints Go Marching In*, *Jubilee* (1936), *2, 4, 6 Blues*, *Maria* (1940), *Princess from Heaven* (1962), *That's for Me* (1970).

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TIME-LIFE RECORDS, Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Footloose

by LOWELL COHN

AT CROAKER COLLEGE, GOOD STUDENTS REACH THE TOP BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS

Buffalo Bob, BMOG at Croaker College in Sacramento, rolls onto his well-muscled back and grabs a burbell. He reels off a set of bench presses, then hurls his bulk at the overhead bar and does a few chin-ups. Finished, he hops into the sauna, takes a vibrating massage, then heads to his dorm for a snooze.

Croaker College spares nothing in its quest for athletic excellence. Since Bill Steed, its 60-year-old founder and dean, opened the door seven years ago, he has lavishly awarded athletic scholarships. He has never granted an academic scholarship nor, for that matter, has he ever enrolled a single human being. Steed hails his academy as "The Only Institution of Higher Learning for Frogs."

For \$50 you can enroll your frog in one of Croaker's six-week semesters. The object is to train winners for the numerous frog jumps

throughout the country, including the Calaveras County Fair and Jumping Frog Jubilee in California which, because of Mark Twain's short story, is the most celebrated frog jump in the world. While on "campus" your frog will learn to "high-dive" from a 30-inch platform into a plastic wading pool and do frog-style chin-ups on a 14-inch-high bar. To perform this feat, the startled frog is propped at neck level against the bar. Apparently deciding that up is better than down, the frog then hoists himself up to a squatting position. Steed claims this develops the forelegs. For the bench press, Steed puts the frog on its back, and carefully places a miniature hobo-wood barbell in its tiny "handy." While Steed steadies the bar with a well-placed index finger, the frog sporadically pushes the weight up and down.

The *puce de resistance* of Croaker College is psychological conditioning to instill a winning attitude. While his charges sleep in their dormitory (a wooden box with "Steed's Croaker College" painted on the side), Steed plays positive-thinking tapes. "You know that deep within yourself you have hidden and dormant talents that are only awaiting discovery," a drowsy voice intones. When asked if frogs understand English, Steed, whose ac-

ademic apparel is a black stovepipe hat and a lavender coat, answers, "Dogs understand English, why not frogs?"

Steed's occupation is selling sleep-learning programs—to humans. In 1968, after stumbling on the Calaveras Fair, he decided, "I can motivate people, why not frogs?" Steed thereupon wrote to the late Winthrop Rockefeller, then governor of Arkansas, inviting him to enter a frog in the next Calaveras competition. Rockefeller sent the Grim Leaper, who, under Steed's tutelage, fared poorly in the special Governors' Jump. But the next year, when Rockefeller's Arkie leapfrogged to victory, Steed was on his way.

Today, Croaker College alumni are among the bluebloods of the frog world. They include Arkie II, who belongs to Senator David Pryor of Arkansas, and Lil' Nutmeg, sponsored by Governor Ella Grasso of Connecticut. Croaker teams have performed on *The Tonight Show* and the *Ednah Shore Show*. Nonetheless, there is gloom around Croaker College these days. Claiming irregularities in Steed's training methods, the Calaveras County Fair directors last year ejected the Croaker College dean from the competition. Although Steed hopes to be back this year, a diploma from old CC may not be all it's croaked up to be. **END**



A large group of men, approximately 20 in total, are posed in two rows. They are wearing various styles of athletic underwear, including briefs, boxers, and tank tops in colors like green, red, white, blue, and yellow. The background is dark, and the lighting highlights the men and their clothing. In the top left corner, there is a small logo featuring a stylized 'M' and the word 'MATCH'.

THE MATCH SYSTEM

MUNSINGWEAR®
We bring quality to life.

Match™ briefs, shorts and tops. Sports-style underwear for the way men look, think, live today.  Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis, MN 55405

This 4-speed has something no other 4-speed has.

Stick shift fanatics. Economy car devotees. You're both going to love this one.

It's called TWIN-STICK. Devilishly clever. And exclusively yours when you choose the

Mitsubishi-built 1979 Dodge Colt or Plymouth Champ Hatchbacks. Here's

how it works. Release the clutch and push the lever into **ECONOMY** mode, and you've selected the four-speed range designed to deliver optimum fuel efficiency. Choose **POWER**, and you get livelier performance. For running through the gears, you use the regular H-pattern lever. Averaging the mileage achieved in both **POWER** and **ECONOMY** ranges resulted in EPA estimates of **32** EST MPG, 44 EST HWY with the 1.4 liter



MCA-Jet engine. Use the EST MPG number for comparison purposes.

Your mileage may differ depending upon speed, weather and trip length.

Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the HWY EST. Calif. estimates are lower.



TWIN-STICK is standard on the new 1979 Dodge Colt or Plymouth Champ Hatchbacks.

You get the benefit of a total of eight speeds to play with. Which means you can get the optimum gear for just about any driving situation that comes along. City or country. Uphill or down. Or passing gas stations.

Mitsubishi cars and pickup trucks are sold in the U.S. by Chrysler Corporation.



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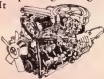
Dodge: Colt • Challenger •
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Arrow pickup truck

THE TECHNOLOGICAL JAPANESE IMPORT

The ten little imports you see here offer a combined total of utility and technology you're not going to find on other Japanese imports.

BEST THING FOR ENGINES SINCE HIGH COMPRESSION.

The Mitsubishi Clean Air engine is a pure engineering jewel. It comes with a special "jet" valve for more efficient fuel combustion.



exclusive on our new Champ and Colt Hatchback.

SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE SHAKES.

Silent Shaft design (an MCA engine exclusive) gives you two counter-rotating shafts to help dampen the vibrations expected of a normal four-cylinder engine.



A LITTLE SOPHISTICATION NEVER HURTS.

Our Challenger and Sapporo GTs offer power discs on all

four wheels on the optional 2.6 liter Basic Package models.

SOME UP-FRONT THINKING ON ROOM AND RIDE.

Champ and Colt Hatchback are front-wheel-driven. The engine is placed transversely to permit more economic use of interior space. The track is wide to help in the corners. And we offer smooth riding 13-inch wheels.



ABOVE-AVERAGE ESTIMATES.

VEHICLE	EST. MPG*
Champ Custom R	33
Colt Custom Hatchback	30
Colt 2- & 4-doors	26
Colt wagon	26
Arrow GT Hatchback	26
Challenger & Sapporo	26
D-50 & Arrow Sport pickups	21

*EPA estimates. Use this number for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length, and weather. California estimates lower for Champ Custom and Colt Custom Hatchback, Colt two- and four-doors, D-50 and Arrow Sport pickups.

SLICK NEW TWIN-STICK.

See that little lever at the left? Use it to select either PERFORMANCE or ECONOMY range. Then shift gears with the lever at the right. Kind of like two four-speeds in one. It's



PLYMOUTH ARROW SPORT PICKUP

DOODGE COLT SEDAN

PLYMOUTH SAPPORO

PLYMOUTH ARROW GT HATCHBACK

PLYMOUTH CHAMP CUSTOM

BUILT BY MITSUBISHI. SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

MOST LIVELY ADVANCED CARS YOU CAN BUY.

MAKING 'EM EASIER TO DRIVE.

This much-desired automatic speed control option is also available when you select our Colt wagon, Challenger, or Sapporo with the optional 2.6 liter engine and automatic transmission.



Standard driving equipment also includes such gems as adjustable steering column (a rarity among other imports) and trip odometer.

DODGE COLT WAGON

DODGE COLT
CUSTOM
HATCHBACK

DODGE D-50
SPORT PICKUP

DODGE COLT COUPE

DODGE CHALLENGER

NO CHARGE FOR HANDLING.

Independent rear suspension on Champ and Colt Hatchback is the kind of technology you find on Mercedes or BMW. In addition, MacPherson-type struts at front are on the Champ, Colt Hatchback, Challenger, and Sapporo.



THE COMPLETE SEAT.



Seats on Challenger and Sapporo are orthopedic marvels. They offer lateral and adjustable lumbar support, recliner

features, adjustable headrests built into seat, and walk-in passenger seat "memory" adjuster feature.

LITTLE TRUCKS. BIG DIFFERENCES.

They're specially designed for American-size folks and jobs. With a half-ton payload. If



you'd like more, see the Sport model with an interior that looks like tomorrow's sports car. And the biggest engine in its class with its 2.6 liter four.

"...MORE TRICKS THAN A SWISS ARMY KNIFE."

That's what *Car and Driver* magazine says of our Champ and Colt Hatchback. And why not.



They're full of engineering and people features like "Twin-Stick," front-wheel drive, and transverse engine.



**YOU HAVEN'T SHOPPED
IMPORTS
UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN US.**

DODGE & CHRYSLER / PLYMOUTH DEALERS.



"We're glad you're learning what we Puerto Ricans have always known—anything gin or vodka can do, white rum can do better."

Equestrian trainer Hector Gandia and his wife, artist Janet D'Esopo.

Take a tip from the Gandias. Mix Puerto Rican white rum with orange juice, tonic or soda. Or in a deliciously dry martini. You'll find it makes decidedly smoother, better tasting drinks.

For a very good reason.

By law, every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For info: Light Rum of Puerto Rico, 100% white, Puerto Rican Rum, Dept. 1-4, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. N.Y. 10019 ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.



SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

OPENING TO THE EAST

The San Francisco Giants and San Diego Padres announced last week that they will open the 1980 season with a three-game series on March 28, 29 and 30 in Japan. The teams plan to conclude their pre-season schedule with two exhibition games in Honolulu and two more in Japan before playing the season-opening series in Japan. Then they will return to the U.S. for three days of rest before resuming their 162-game schedule. Other major league clubs will start their season in early April as usual.

The transplanted opener is being underwritten by a Tokyo newspaper, Sports Nippon. Although the trip to Japan appears all set, Giant players plan to vote on it and to raise the matter with the Baseball Players Association. They complain that it can be cold in Japan in late March, an argument that if taken seriously might apply equally to early-season games in Minnesota, Cleveland, Montreal, Boston, et al. Some San Diego fans may also be unhappy about the departure from tradition since the three games otherwise would have been played in San Diego Stadium.

Padre Executive Vice-President Ballard Smith defends the Japanese opener as "a first step toward what we hope will someday lead to a global World Series." Since major league teams have been playing exhibitions in Japan for more than 40 years—and often against Japanese teams—it may be stretching things to call a series between two National League clubs, no matter where played, any kind of first step. Yet a World Series that is truly a World Series is a worthwhile goal, and anything that gets people even thinking about it is welcome.

COLOR THEM SPECIAL

A horse of a very different color is living in Barn 44 at New York's Belmont Park. His name is Clarence Stewart, and the 2-year-old is only the fourth thoroughbred—and first thoroughbred colt—to be registered as white by The Jockey Club.

There have been roughly 750,000 thoroughbreds foaled in North America since 1803, which makes Clarence Stewart a genetic 187,500-to-1 shot. He is not an albino—his eyes are dark—and his sire and dam are brown and bay, respectively. Clarence Stewart is an oddity.

So is the man he's named after, his trainer, Clarence Stewart, one of a handful of black trainers in thoroughbred racing. Unusual though his namesake is, the trainer is not about to put the horse in a sideshow. "I've been in this game 31 years, so I think I should know a good horse when I see one," says Clarence Stewart, the man. "This looks like a good one. And he's the most beautiful horse I've ever seen."

Clarence Stewart, the horse, was born on March 24, 1977 in Montauk, N.Y. and his groom, Mark Hubley, was there. "His legs came out and they were white," says Hubley. "Then his nose came out and that was white. And then the whole foal came out. He looked like a quart of milk. We couldn't believe it." Neither could Jockey Club officials, who conducted blood tests on the foal to make sure of his pedigree.

Clarence Stewart plans to run Clarence Stewart this summer. In the meantime, Stewart and Hubley are working to overcome two problems. The colt sunburns easily, so he must be kept indoors a lot. And, as anyone with a white suit might guess, he is a chore to keep clean.

RUNAWAY

Authorities at the Virginia State Penitentiary in Richmond wouldn't have dreamed of issuing a hacksaw or a ladder to any of their inmates, and certainly not to Michael Cross, a convicted murderer whose record included an unsuccessful escape attempt. But they did let Cross take up running and that may have been just as ill-advised. Cross trained hard and last October completed a marathon—running more than 100 laps around the small prison yard. A month ago Cross somehow cut through a metal

air vent, crawled across a rooftop and lowered himself by a rope to the street. Then he outran guards who chased him on foot. He is still at large.

HIKINI BLITZ

The trend in women's competitive swimwear in recent years has been toward ever thinner, ever tighter, ever more revealing suits. One lingering concession to modesty is the requirement at most levels of the sport that, thin or not, only one-piece suits may be worn. Now Hind-Wells, Inc., a swimwear manufacturer in San Luis Obispo, Calif., is trying to change that with introduction of a conservatively cut two-piece racing suit that wouldn't draw a second look at the beach but has the swimming world in a spin.

Hind-Wells was sneaky about unveiling its new suit, secretly persuading Stanford's women's team to wear it at last month's AIAW championships in Pitts-



burgh. The AIAW is one of the few organizations that have no rules governing swimwear but, just to be safe, Hind-Wells sewed a strip of fabric to connect the bottom and top of each suit, reasoning that this made it a one-piece garment.

Before the start of the 200-yard medley relay, Stanford swimmers in the stands mysteriously began chanting "Take it off, Stanford, take it off." The four members of the school's relay team removed their swimsuits and the crowd gasped and screamed. The Stanford swimmers stroked to an American record of 1:44.87 and soon members of other teams were competing in the two-piece suits, too.

Fanciers of the facing bikini say it of-

continued

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fers more freedom of movement than a one-piece suit and has the psychological advantage of letting the swimmer feel water over more of the body. Some coaches also feel that appearing in public in bare midriffs might encourage swimmers to keep their stomachs trim. But others contend that the two-piece suit increases drag because it creates three surfaces—fabric, bare stomach, fabric again—for water to roll across.

These arguments will continue at next week's AAU short course (25-yard pool) championships in Los Angeles. Unlike the AJAA, the AAU prohibits two-piece suits, but its 27-member rules subcommittee could change that regulation in Los Angeles if it doesn't. Dr. Stan Brown, AAU chairman of senior swimming, will have to rule in his capacity as meet referee on whether the sewn-on strip qualifies the garment as a one-piece suit. Last week Brown said, "From the way it's been described to me, it sounds like a two-piece suit."

Approval of the suit would put the AAU on a collision course with FINA, the world swimming federation, which requires women competing in international competition or those setting world records to swim in one-piece suits "devoid of openwork except at the back." U.S. swim officials could try to lobby to change the rule. The alternative would be to confine the use of two-piece suits to 25-yard pools, which are found mainly in the U.S.

THE STARTING LINE

The 83rd Boston Marathon will be run next week and for the first time a line on the race is available in Las Vegas. Two-time champion Bill Rodgers is a 2-40-1 favorite, followed by Ian Thompson and Esa Tikkanen (both 3 to 1). Jeff Wells (5 to 1) and Hidetsu Kita (6 to 1). Frank Shorter, at 10 to 1, is said to be attracting a lot of action. The odds on any woman to finish first are 1,000 to 1.

BIG BIRD, LITTLE BYRD

Bird may have been the word in college basketball this past season, but so was Byrd. While Indiana State's 6' 9½" Larry Bird was being named the best college player of the year, Columbia's 5' 8½" Alton Byrd was also earning a lot of recognition. Something called the Frances Pomeroy Naismith-Hall of Fame Award—Frances Pomeroy Naismith was the daughter-in-law of the inventor of

basketball—is bestowed annually on the best college senior under six feet tall, and Byrd has been selected as its recipient. A product of San Francisco's playgrounds, where he was known as A. B. Slick, the speedy Byrd averaged 15 points and 7.4 assists while leading Columbia to a 17-9 record and the runner-up spot in the Ivy League behind Penn.

Although his size is against him, Byrd hopes to be drafted by the NBA. Noting that 5' 8" Charlie Criss plays for the Atlanta Hawks, he says, "Sure I can play in the NBA." "Why not?" Columbia Coach Buddy Mahar agrees. "Alton was the best point guard in the country," he says. "I've never seen anybody run a team the way he can." What if Bird and Byrd had been teammates against Michigan State in the NCAA finals? "The way Alton passes, he would have gotten the ball to Bird," Mahar says. "Indiana State would have won."

LUKE

When Luke Easter joined the Cleveland Indians late in the 1949 season, he gave his birthday as Aug. 4, 1921. Like Satchel Paige, who had joined the Indians the year before, Easter was suspected of being older by people who remembered seeing him play years earlier in the Negro National League. "Aw, you must be thinking of one of my brothers," the 6' 4½", 240-pound first baseman would say. But Easter slyly allowed that the date he had provided was merely his "baseball birthday."

Easter suffered from knee ailments and lasted in the majors only until 1954, finishing with a career batting average of .274 and 93 home runs, including a 477-foot blast on June 23, 1950 that remains the longest ever hit in Cleveland Stadium. For the past 15 years Easter worked as a chief union steward at TRW Inc. near Cleveland. Last week he stepped out of a bank after cashing \$5,000 in payroll checks for union members and was shot to death by robbers. Two suspects were captured following a chase and shootout with police.

TRW said its records showed Easter's date of birth as Aug. 4, 1915 and Virgil Easter, his wife of 31 years, said that this was also the date written in a family Bible. Thus Easter had been 34 as a rookie, had left the Indians when he was nearly 40 and was 63 when he died. As with Paige, Easter got his late start because of baseball's long-standing color barrier.

and he presumably passed himself off as younger to enhance his chances of sticking in the majors once the barrier was lifted in 1947. Al Rosen, an Indian teammate who is now president of the New York Yankees, says, "Too bad he didn't come up to the majors 15 years earlier. He could hit a ball as far as anybody who ever walked."

THE HIGH COST OF IMAGINATION

The play that enabled underdog Maine to tie New Hampshire 7-7 last season caused a sensation in college football. After lining up for what appeared to be a field-goal attempt from New Hampshire's 28-yard line, Maine's "holder" tossed the ball into the air and the "kicker" punched it with a fist into the end zone, where a teammate pounced on it. It was a touchdown. Under a little-known rule, butting a backward pass for the purpose of gaining yardage was legal so long as the ball stayed inbounds.

Maine Coach Jack Bicknell had read about such a "bat-ball play" in a book written by University of Delaware Athletic Director Dave Nelson, the secretary of the NCAA football rules committee. Nelson promptly hailed Bicknell's use of the stratagem as an example of the "imagination" he felt was needed to enliven the game. But there can be such a thing as too much imagination. Inspired by Maine's successful use of the play, other coaches began mulling over variations. For instance, on a kickoff return the player receiving the ball could flip it backward, allowing a teammate to punch it over the heads of onrushing tacklers. And what was to prevent a ballcarrier trapped for an apparent loss from punching the ball himself? As the possibilities mounted, a suddenly worried Nelson admitted, "People are coming up with ideas that would turn the game into volleyball."

Which is why the NCAA rules committee has outlawed the bat-ball play. The vote by Nelson and the 14 other members was unanimous.

THEY SAID IT

● Bill Walsh, the San Francisco 49ers' pass-conscious coach, on teams that run a lot: "Our turnovers are downfield. Their turnovers are at the line of scrimmage." ● Jim Kern, Texas Ranger pitcher, recalling an occasion when a manager removed him for a reliever: "I told him I wasn't tired. He told me, 'No, but the outfielders sure are.'"

END

*Here comes the
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THE OLYMPIC GETAWAY

Lake Placid is proud of its \$49 million Olympic Village later to become a prison, but many countries insist it's a jail already, and have elected not to be penned in

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

The official proclamation describing the new Olympic Village at Lake Placid fairly rings with optimism. Not to mention idealism, goodwill and a heaping of old-fashioned boosterism. It speaks of "comprehensive facilities, coupled with attentiveness to detail and optimum service" so that the place will be remembered as congenial. It also looks forward to "... one of the best Olympic Villages in the history of the Winter Games. ... On January 28, 1980, the Olympic Village will open its doors to athletes and officials from nearly 40 countries of the world. The primary goal of the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee is to insure a happy, memorable visit for these world class athletes, to create a home away from home."

If all this sounds suspiciously like a hard sell for happiness, perhaps it should be said that what the 12-page document fails to make clear at any time is that this bit of heaven-sent Olympic real estate is, in fact, a jail. And around this jail a revolt, unprecedented in Olympic history, has broken out. In fact, a growing number of teams refuse to be incarcerated there.

The Village cost some \$49 million to build, the funds coming from the Federal Bureau of Prisons to provide a future minimum-security facility for first-time offenders. One measure of the weird tenor of the times is that security precautions for keeping would-be escapees inside such a prison are almost exactly the same as security precautions



for keeping would-be terrorists out of an Olympic Village.

The facility lies seven miles west of Lake Placid on 48 acres of land. It is—again quoting the relentlessly upbeat proclamation of the LPOOC—laid out according to “a campus-like design [which] complements the graceful mountain peaks which surround the sheltering forests in which the site is situated.” There are 14 buildings of muted-yellow brick, most of them curving in a serpentine shape and arranged, indeed, to resemble a college campus.

The Village has 937 “sleeping rooms”—litter to be known as cells—which will be occupied by either two or four Olympians. The rooms have bunk beds, wardrobe and equipment lockers and a writing table and chair for each occupant. There is also a towel bar, a sink and a mirror. The majority of the rooms have one window, a tall, narrow aperture that isn’t barred, but has a steel rod running down the middle of the glass to discourage escape—or, in the case of Olympic terrorists, entry. The windows are 8’ 10” high and 15” wide, and there is some question as to whether or not they can be opened. There also are a number of rooms that have no windows at all. The doors are made of

continued

Two Olympic athletes will have to squeeze into 10’ x 10’ cells designed to house a single prisoner in the minimum security, first offender facility





Cheryl Moore and Sue Orloff may be ousted so their house can be let to Olympic visitors

OLYMPIC VILLAGE *continued*

heavy steel with small peep-windows that will be used by prison guards in the Village's next life.

The rooms are arranged in two tiers around a large, brightly decorated and carpeted "leisure area." There are sofas and banquettes, and by next winter each of these 20 or so areas will be equipped with vending machines, television sets, games and other entertainment devices. Although the rooms are tiny to the point of incipient claustrophobia—about 10' by 10'—there is an aura of pleasing spaciousness in the lounges. Toilets and community showers are down the hall.

The "campus" is agreeable enough, although it is surrounded by two 12' concentric chain-link fences set 20' apart. The fences will be electrically sensitized, if anyone touches them, alarms will sound in a guard station at the Village entrance. The perimeter will be lit by night and, according to Lake Placid officials, "specially trained teams will be available around the clock to respond to any attempted penetration."

The only entry to the Village will be through a double gate kept under a rigid surveillance system. One must present a credential first at an outer gate in Building C. He will then be allowed to proceed while the gate is locked behind him. He next advances through an inner gate in Building Q. Besides the gates and visual examination by guards, there will be an electronic screening system consisting of three metal-detecting arches.

Also planned are a recreation center with a discotheque, "live disco superstars" and dancing lessons, two theaters, a weight room and snack bar and a shopping center. A swimming pool, massage rooms and a gymnasium will be available in a community college three miles away. There will be more than 250 TV sets in the public areas throughout the Village, daily maid service in the rooms, and the cafeteria will be open 24 hours a day. For all this, the national sports federations are to be charged \$27.50 per day per athlete. (An estimated 2,000 athletes are expected to take part in the Games.) To hear the Lake Placid hosts rave about the Village, the accommodations would be cheap at three times the price.

Unfortunately, almost no one else has joined in singing the committee's hymns of glory. Quite the contrary.

During this winter's pre-Olympic competitions at Lake Placid—in which all of the competitive venues received high marks—foreign athletes and officials were given tours of the Village. At first there was only isolated grumbling—an Austrian downhiller here, a Finnish ski jumper there complaining about the cramped rooms and the penitentiary atmosphere. But the protest grew. Now it seems that each Olympic nation is trying to outdo the other in the ferocity of its denunciations.

Gianfranco Cameli, a member of the Italian Olympic Committee, toured the Village, then fired off a report to Rome. "After four years of hard training we cannot expect competitors to live in such a lousy place. The rooms clearly show what they are meant for. Two persons cannot be in them. If two stay inside with the door closed for privacy, they'd feel as if they were in prison—suffocating. It is impossible for anyone with heavy winter gear to squeeze into the tiny rooms. If they open the door, whatever they do is done before dozens of strangers."

An official spokesman for the Swed-

ish Olympic Committee said bluntly, "The facilities are rotten, to say the least." The veteran West German ski racer Christian Neureuther told a reporter, "We are not spoiled and we had all heard about this Lake Placid prison before. But we didn't expect how bad reality turned out to be." Tetsuya Miyakawa, a member of the Japanese Olympic Committee, said, "The Village facilities are the worst I have ever seen. Standing in the middle of a stark plain, the Village is a really lonely place."

Dr. Peter Pisl, the secretary general of the Austrian Olympic Committee, said that the tiny rooms might be in violation of the International Olympic Committee policy on accommodations. Said Pisl, "In his book on the administration of Olympic Games, Lord Killanin himself asks that a single room in an Olympic Village should have at least 10 square meters, a double room 15, and a triple 20. In Lake Placid, the double room with double bunk beds has nine square meters, and a room for four—something Lord Killanin did not even mention—is not much larger. And quite a few of these rooms do not have windows. It is enough to give you claustrophobia. I have been told that when the Village is converted to a penitentiary for young criminals, the double rooms will all become singles. The lawbreakers will be much more comfortable than our athletes."

Johan Schonheyder of the Norwegian Olympic Committee was asked his first impression of the Village and uttered one word: "Shocking." He then recovered to add several more. "One has built a prison and invited the world's best winter athletes to live in it for three weeks," he said. "Well, I am personally in favor of constructing buildings that can be of use afterward. Lake Placid was granted the Games, I guess, for precisely the reason that one should do them as cheaply as possible, and one needed a juvenile jail, and so they killed two birds with the same stone. I do have a certain sympathy for Lake Placid. We will, however, rent on our own two villas in the vicinity of Lake Placid. These villas will cost us a total of \$30,000, but we must have a place where our active sportsmen and women can go to relax in different and, above all, spacious environments."

As more and more officials toured the Village, there was a steadily increasing rush by various national federations to

find their own accommodations. The Swedish committee rented four houses for a total of \$52,000 and may rent one more. The Italians rented two houses; one will sleep 20, the other eight. The West Germans and East Germans also are going elsewhere, and the Austrians are said to have bought a block of apartments for \$150,000, which they will sell after the Olympics. Other nations are shopping for houses.

The unexpected boom in real estate has created a climate of avarice in Lake Placid. It seems most threatening to local low-rent, no-lease apartment and shop renters. They fear that their landlords will evict them next winter, because an apartment that might rent for \$250 a month in normal times will draw \$4,000 for the Olympics. A number of the tenants who work as bartenders, chambermaids, clerks or waitresses have formed an organization called Renters Association of Concerned Citizens on Ousting Our Needed Services, whose members are trying to find some way of protecting themselves from being kicked out of their apartments during the Games. It is a nice touch, considering that the acronym is RACCOONS and the official Lake Placid Olympic mascot is a raccoon cartoon character. But there is no legal recourse, it seems, because most RACCOONS have no leases.

A few weeks ago the revolt over the Village produced yet another unprecedented act by the IOC. Ordinarily, a country must pay for Village accommodations for each athlete whether or not all are used. But not in 1980. Monique Berlioux, a director of the IOC, said, "This time the accommodations are so poor that delegations will not have to pay for them if they move somewhere else. However, security is another matter. Suitable security has been arranged for the Olympic Village, but teams living elsewhere will have to be responsible for their own security."

The warning on security did not even produce a pout in the angry rush to get out of the Village. Austria's Pisk said, "Faced with the choice between a security risk and unacceptable living quarters which will affect our athletes' performance, we shall most likely choose the security risk."

In Italy, Milan's *Il Giornale Nuovo* played up the search for alternative housing, headlining one article THE ATHLETES

"ESCAPE" FROM THE LAKE PLACID PRISON EVEN BEFORE ENTERING IT. The paper went on to note that in some cases rental housing wouldn't accommodate entire teams, however. "It will be interesting," the newspaper said, "to see which criteria the teams will follow in deciding the rotation of 'punishment' terms."

There will be no such rotation for the estimated 140 members of U.S. Olympic teams and their 60 coaches and trainers. They will stay in the Village. This is more than a show of solidarity on the part of the host nation, according to Bob Paul, director of communications for the U.S. Olympic Committee. "We always stay in the Village provided," he says, "We ask no questions." As for the revolt, "We have no reaction to it because we're not part of it."

Hank Tauber, the U.S. Alpine director, admits that facilities have been better at past Winter Games. The Lake Placid Village, he says, is, well, utilitarian. "The basic promise is that they feed you and give you a flat place to lie down," he says, "but I would recommend that we pick teams made up of emotionally strong and well-balanced athletes for this Olympics."

For his part, Lord Killanin seemed to be looking firmly the other way, merely noting that the federations had inspected the venues and pronounced them perfect. But then came the glimmer of a shy revolt from within his own ranks.

The IOC officials, a closed circle of doughy, blue-blazered and often over-aged gentlemen, will be staying at the Lake Placid Club, a tastefully elegant old mausoleum overlooking the lake. But the International Ski Federation's Marc Hodler, who is also an IOC executive, insisted last week that he was firmly determined to move into the Village. "In one of those windowless cabins where the air-conditioning noise is horrible, so that my quarters at the club will be available for athletes. They need all the rest they can get."

Moreover, Hodler said he will offer a motion to the forthcoming IOC meeting in Montevideo that other IOC officials also give up their rooms at the club for the bunk beds of the Village. "With the exodus of national teams from the official Village, and with IOC officials making their club quarters available, I think we can relieve most of the overcrowding in the future prison compound," he said.



Come the Games, photo shop proprietor Dick Parke must leave, according to his landlord

Meanwhile, at Lake Placid the controversy has created conflict among other factions in the town that normally would stand well above such secular matters. In February, a group of 62 clergymen, most of them Protestant, sharply criticized the idea of using a prison as an Olympic Village as being "morally wrong" as well as "generally grotesque." Scarcely had this statement been released when the Senate of Priests and the Bishop of the Diocese of Ogdensburg, which includes Lake Placid, cracked back with its own declaration: "Concerning the sleeping quarters, some have objected that these will be rather small. We hope that the Olympic athletes and their coaches will be patient. Such an understanding attitude will promote a spartan spirit which has been a tradition among athletes since the beginning of the Olympic Games. . . . At least the quarters will be warm and safe and the services will be adequate."

All of which leaves it up in the air as to exactly who stands on the side of the angels in this controversy—the prisoners or the Olympians.

THE BIG PUSH ON THE OREGON TRAIL

After stumbling much of the season, the Portland Trail Blazers have found their stride. With their walking wounded back and rookies Mychal Thompson and Ron Brewer chipping in, they could be a force in the playoffs by JOHN PAPANEEK

Like Americans everywhere last Thursday, the breakfasters in the coffee shop of a Cleveland hotel were unusually engrossed in their morning papers. Most were reading the first reports of the Pennsylvania nuclear-plant accident. But Dr. Jack Ramsay of the Portland Trail Blazers, the only coach in the NBA with a Ph.D., dove straight for the sports pages. In the penultimate week of the NBA regular season, a ferocious struggle for Western Conference playoff spots was on and Portland was in the middle of it. Seven teams were separated by seven games, and anything could happen.

Ramsay's mind was totally occupied with basketball. Never in 28 seasons of coaching had he experienced tribulations like those that began on Feb. 28, 1978, when Bill Walton fell on his left ankle, re-injuring it severely. Five other key players suffered injuries, and by season's end the defending champion Trail Blazers had their own orthopedic ward. They followed the staggering summer meeting in which Walton charged the team with improper medical practices and demanded to be traded.

Even after Walton went his own way to wait for his injury to heal, the Blazers' misfortunes plague continued. By the fourth game of the 1978-79 season, on Oct. 20 at Golden State, not one of the top seven players from the 1977 championship team was in a Portland uniform. Maurice Lucas, Bob Gross, Dave Twardzik, Lionel Hollins and Lloyd Neal were injured. Walton was in limbo and Johnny Davis had been traded to Indiana.

That the Trail Blazers last week came close to locking up a playoff spot is surprising enough. That they had won 16 of their last 20 games, had improved their road record to 13-27—as recently as Feb. 25 they were 25-5 at home and 4-25 on the road—and were playing as well as any team in the NBA seems nothing short of miraculous. The keys to Portland's resurgence are the development of two rookies—6' 10" forward Mychal Thompson, the Bahamian from Minnesota, and 6' 4" Guard Ron Brewer, the shooter from Ar-

kansas—as two of the best in the league at their positions, the machine-like play of Center Tom Owens, formerly Walton's backup, and Ramsay's coaching genius.

Because of the press scrutiny that followed Walton's allegations, injured Trail Blazers have been reluctant to take medication or rush back from injuries, and management has been extremely circumspect in referring to the availability of sidelined players. "If someone is injured—a hangnail to a broken skull—we just say, 'It's day to day,'" says Ramsay. "They come back when they're ready." Until the past few weeks there have seldom been enough players to hold a full practice. Between them, Gross, Lucas, Twardzik and Hollins have missed 72 games this season.

But because of those injuries, Thompson and Brewer have had more time in which to develop. Since March 11, when he became a starter opposite Lucas in the small forward spot—that's a 6' 10", 230-pound small forward—Thompson has averaged 21.6 points and 9.6 rebounds while guarding and generally destroying the opponents' best forward, Julius Erving. Marques Johnson, Walter Davis and Bob Dandridge included. Brewer, after a slow start, is averaging 13.6 points on 50% shooting.

As for Ramsay, the strain of the season shows only in his eyes. His 54-year-old body belongs in a Vic Tanny ad. Before last Thursday's game with Cleveland he worried that his team might take the Cavaliers too lightly, and tougher games at Washington and Milwaukee were to follow. Hollins was in Portland with a sore knee, Lucas had a bruised hand, Gross was still not in shape after operations on his left ankle and both knees between March and November, and Twardzik's body was a disaster area. This season he has had a broken nose, a bruised shin and chest, a torn calf muscle and chronic back spasms. "Just have wreck and run," he says. "Situation normal."

But nothing stopped Twardzik from, as usual, flinging himself around like a madman against Cleveland. He worked

fast breaks and kept the Blazers' offense in perpetual motion as he (16 points) Lucas (24), Thompson (16) and Owens (18) took turns cutting to the basket and feeding each other perfect passes. In the 120-103 rout, 30 of Portland's 48 field goals were layups. At the other end, Thompson shut down the high-scoring Campy Russell (one for six), while grabbing 16 rebounds himself. Brewer's man, Austin Carr, went two for 11.

The Blazers spent the his nide back to the hotel arguing whether to root for the San Diego Clippers (one game behind) or the Kansas City Kings (half a game ahead) in that night's game in San Diego. If Ramsay's Blazers play the consummate team game, Gene Shue's Clippers play the ultimate playground game. The Trail Blazers call them "The Dirty Dozen" and don't want to lose out to them, particularly by one game.

"We lost some we should have won," belittled Owens. "But San Diego? We didn't lose that one. We were robbed." He was referring to the Jan. 24 game that the Clippers won 122-121 when Randy Smith made two free throws with two seconds left on a spurious foul call by Referee Paul Mihulic. There is no controversy. Ramsay received a letter from the NBA's supervisor of officials, Norm Drucker, acknowledging the error.

As it turned out, Kansas City snapped a five-game losing streak by beating San Diego last Thursday. The Kings had led the Midwest Division from Nov. 17 until just the night before, when they lost to Golden State while Denver was beating Detroit. That loss had made their record 3-11 since early March, when forward Scott Wedman drove his Porsche off an icy road. The car collided with a telephone pole and split in two. Lucky to be alive, Wedman was out of the hospital four days later. That is why his teammates now call him the Incredible Hulk. At San Diego, in Wedman's fourth game back, he scored 19 and the Kings slid ahead early and beat the Clippers 116-111.

The Trail Blazers arrived in Washing-

ton Friday to find a newspaper account of a radio interview in which Walton said, "I haven't ruled out playing this year." With Portland? In the playoffs? "Yep," he said. "That would be really exciting." But Walton has cried wolf too many times for anyone associated with the Blazers encourage to take him seriously. "That would be a pretty good addition, having a backup center like him," said Assistant Coach Jack McKinney.

Walton's last exotic adventure took him to Davao City, Mindanao, in the Philippines. There he climbed 200 feet

up a luan tree to weigh a baby monkey-eating eagle for an ABC-TV *American Sportsman* show. He has been home in Bulboi Island, Calif., the last three weeks, running and bicycling, but according to his adviser, Portland attorney John Bassett, "His legs are two different sizes." Walton has not touched a basketball since last April 21—the day he broke a bone in his left foot in a playoff game against Seattle—except for two days of clinics in the Philippines.

"Bill would like to participate in the playoffs," says Bassett, "but deep down

he recognizes that that's not going to happen. He'd love to ride in on a white horse, but he'd hate to have the ball bounce off his forehead in the first minute." Nonetheless, smart money says that Walton will re-sign and return to the Blazers next season.

Friday night the Blazers gave the defending champion Bulls their worst home-court thrashing in four seasons, 132-104. Dick Motta started 6'10" Mitch Kupchak in place of 6'6" Bob Dandridge at small forward, hoping to cope with the big Blazers. But after 18 minutes against Thompson, Kupchak was one for five with one rebound. For the rest of the game Thompson held Dandridge to three for 10 shooting, while he hit 11 of 17 for 22 points, collected nine rebounds and had six assists. Twice he blocked Dandridge's shots, and twice he moved over to knock down shots by Elvin Hayes. Owens scored 30, and again the Blazers' offense worked efficiently—30 of 60 field goals were layups, and they shot 61% from the field.

The other big game that night was San Diego (then two games behind) at Denver (half a game ahead). Whom would the Blazers pull for? "I don't think it matters anymore," said Gross.

It didn't. San Diego lost again, 130-121, its fourth straight. And while the Nuggets won, they lost as well when George McGinnis went down in the third quarter with a torn ligament in his left ankle. He is expected to be out six weeks, which means that Denver, which has little bench strength, faced a brutal season-ending five-game road trip without one of its big stars.

On Sunday the Blazers were in Milwaukee, and for 47 minutes it seemed that the reality of road life had finally caught up with them. Gross was out because of his injured knee, joining Holins on the sidelines, and even though Milwaukee was without Marques Johnson, the Blazers were pushed around most of the game. But with a foul and a turnover in the last 11 seconds, Milwaukee handed Portland the game 109-107, thus giving Portland its first unbeaten road trip of the season.

Quite suddenly the Trail Blazers seemed to shake two conference rivals, one of them cruelly ravaged by injury, just as the Blazers themselves had been for most of the past season and a half. "It's too bad," said Lucas. "I like the competition." **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES ORRIS



Thompson, benefiting from increased playing time, has improved his scoring and rebounding.

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR AFTER A HEAVY HAYES

As Ohio State starts spring football practice this week, two things are new: the head coach and his open-door policy

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Scared, Ohio State begins again. Done in by his own ugly temper, Woody Hayes is in exile. Earle Bruce now occupies the office in the St. John Arena that Hayes held like a fortress for 28 years, inviolable and forbidding. By contrast, Bruce opens the door willingly to the stream of people and problems that go with managing one of the nation's most successful (\$5.5 million annual revenue) football factories. Access is something new at Ohio State. One day last week, as he prepared for the opening of spring practice, Bruce ushered in a visiting writer from New York just as one from Los Angeles exited, their paths momentarily clogging his threshold. Bruce said it had been that way every day he had been in town. America, presumably, will now discover Columbus.

The office itself is surprisingly small and plain, undecorated save for two wide-angle pictures of those Ohio State crowds of 83,112 attracted by Hayes' remarkable record (205-61-10). There has been no time to redecorate, says Bruce. He has been working without time off, "except for one day when I had the flu." He has been recruiting—21 signees from Ohio alone, a number of them highly coveted—and making speeches in such hotbeds of Buckeye loyalty as Marietta, Massillon and Zanesville. Bruce was a high school coach at Massillon, twice going undefeated there.

On this day the furnace was malfunctioning, and the office was stifling. Bruce obligingly opened a section of the window. He said he hadn't noticed how hot it was. As for how hot it might get, he

said the Ohio State job was one "any coach in his right mind would want," and he did not think that following Hayes was "a negative thing." Comparisons, he said, were inevitable, but "they don't worry me."

The two men are not strangers. Although he was a member of the Buckeye football team (1949-51), Bruce never played for Hayes, because of injuries. He did coach as an assistant under Woody (1966-71) before going off to make his reputation in other places, most recently at Iowa State. Bruce is his predecessor's antithesis. If Woody Hayes was accurately characterized as a grizzly bear, Earle Bruce is a teddy—roundish and frayed looking, as if handled fondly but a lot. The despair of tailors, he is a dumpy 5'9", his shirttail perpetually protruding from his pants. But his eyes dance with fire, and friends say he can tell a joke even under pressure, also a new sensation.

Some of that fire Bruce obliquely credits to Hayes. Eleven years ago he was going to quit coaching because of Hayes, "go into the fast-food business, open a pizza parlor, anything." He says Woody was on him all the time that spring, more than on any of the other assistants. "It was my year to be picked on, I guess, and I hated it." He remembers the experience without rancor—smiling, in fact, in the retelling of it—and presents it neither as a tribute to Hayes nor a condemnation. Somehow, it serves as both, and is perhaps more revealing than Bruce intends.

It is now three months since the "Punch Bowl" in Jacksonville. The facts are well known. In a final paradox of frustration over a season of intercepted passes, Hayes hit a Clemson player who had just picked off a last-ditch Art Schlichter pass, assuring Ohio State's Gator Bowl defeat. Burying Caesar was a traumatic undertaking. And the undertaker, Ohio State Athletic Director Hugh



After 28 years at Ohio State, Woody Hayes is now steering on the banquet circuit while his successor, Earle Bruce, and Quarterback Art Schlichter plan how they can carry on his winning ways.



Hindman, admits to receiving telephone calls and hate mail. Hayes, at the time, "threatened me," Hindman says, but did not follow through. They no longer speak.

Like Dempsey after Tunney, in disgrace and defeat Hayes has become more beloved than ever by his steadfast backers. Testimonials have been held in his honor: 450 former players and 50 coaches attended one in Columbus, and even his archrival, Bo Schembechler of Michigan, got up to do him honor at a banquet in Dayton. There is a move afoot to have the Ohio State stadium renamed in Hayes' honor.

Consistent with this and the many ironies of a grimly ironic case, Hayes' Elbu is no more than a stone's throw away from his old office—in fact, two doors away in the ROTC building. Supplied by the university as a concession to his years of service, it is roomy, handsome and thickly carpeted. In its outer office is a secretary named Betty Garrett, who is also a free-lance writer. Hayes needs her

to help "polish" the 600 pages he has written for a book relating football to history, and to help him conduct the business of being an exile in demand. His schedule is heavy with speaking engagements and he is to have a film made of his life.

On the same day that Bruce was entertaining visitors with his shirttail out, Hayes was looking tanned, fit and natty in a sport coat and tie coordinated in browns. Two visitors had been allowed through the buffer zone by Betty Garrett, and Hayes welcomed them warmly. He refused, however, to discuss the "transition." He said he was saving the story for his old and loyal friend Paul Horning of *The Columbus Dispatch*.

It wasn't until Jan. 19, three weeks after the Gator Bowl, that Hayes came out of hiding to address a capacity crowd at the Columbus Chamber of Commerce. He then admitted, "I got what was coming to me," and he apologized. He encouraged his audience to support Bruce, "a great coach."

But in his new office last week, Hayes apparently had experienced a new birth of resentment over his pink slip. He chose a letter from a stack he estimated to be 3,000 or more, supportive and commiserating letters he still had to answer. The correspondent said she was so infuriated by his dismissal that she had taken her daughter, who would have been a senior, out of Ohio State. Hayes read the letter aloud, then shook his head sadly. His voice hardened.

He said he had cleaned out his desk in his old office in two days, and had not been back, and did not intend to go around again or to be a part of Ohio State football. He said that "after 28 years, they're trying to tear it all down," to discredit his accomplishments. "They don't want anything to do with me now, and that's fine with me. The hell with 'em." He brought the side of his hand down hard on the desk, making a thudding noise—a facsimile cleaver separating 28 years past from an indefinite future.

Hayes said that at 66 he is without many close friends. He said he does not "do the things that spawn intimacies—"I don't fish or hunt or play golf. I don't play cards. I read I write." You do not need friends to do those things, of course.

Esco Sarkkinen, who retired as Ohio State's defensive end coach a year ago, after having been with Hayes all the way, says that Hayes "always hated the ex-

pression 'Woody's mellowing.' Even after his heart attack in 1974, when I went around to see him, he seemed embarrassed, like it was a weakness.

"When I retired, Coach Hayes asked me if I thought he should quit, too. I said, 'Not as long as you can be creative.' I was trying to say more than that. In the last 10 years he had become more a philosopher and a historian than a coach. The Xs and Os were not as interesting to him.

"We all had differences with him, of course. We used to measure his blowups in megatons. That's a five-megaton blowup." For a new assistant, it could be eye-popping. But he never held a grudge, and everybody knows how he was so unselfish with the things he did—going to hospitals, spending hours there. Refusing fees for appearances, like with the Boy Scouts. He used to pass up raises for himself so his assistants could get them. It is like Tom Pastorus [of the Columbus *Citizen-Journal*] says, 'If you want to dislike Woody, don't sit down to the table with him.'"

Sarkkinen believes the future is secure at Ohio State with Bruce, because "it's one of the five or six places where as long as you recruit with intensity you can almost be assured of winning seven or eight games a year. Ohio State simply gets better players." The recent expanding frustration for Hayes, he says, was that Woody no longer won the two or three "big games" that went with the others. He had lost to Michigan three times in a row; he had lost seven straight on national television.

The final irony, says Sarkkinen, was that Hayes had allowed himself to go with a passing attack that he never believed in, and with a freshman quarterback (Schlichter) "who is going to win a lot of games here, but at that point could hardly have been expected to know the names of his teammates, much less take command."

Sarkkinen is not surprised by what happened in Jacksonville.

"Woody would have done the same thing his first year as he did the 28th. The potential was always there. It was just a matter of terrible timing. Woody always said there were three things that could happen when you pass, and two of them are bad. Now there are four things that can happen, and three of them are bad."

Perhaps not for Earle Bruce

END





POWERBOAT RACING HAS GONE TO POT

And for big money, too, as dope smugglers make high-speed runs in a deadly new game of hide-and-seek **by ROBERT F. JONES**

On the Coast Guard cutter Cape Fox which does wall against smugglers they keep track of boats with hash marks under the marijuana plant

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HARRIS

In the gloom of the midwatch off the Bahamas Bank, a Coast Guard officer studies a flat blip on his radarscope. The "contact," now 10 miles dead ahead, has remained stationary for nearly half an hour. The 95-foot cutter throbs and hums as her four aging Cummins diesels crank out a flank speed of 18 knots. Then the blip suddenly splits in half, like a blue-green amoeba under a microscope. A smaller blip leaps away from the larger one, heading westward toward Florida. The Coast Guard officer checks the smaller blip's speed: 55 knots. He shakes his head in frustration and plows on to intercept the larger, slower blip. Perhaps at least he can catch this one.

An hour later, a sleek blacked-out racing boat burbles into one of the many canals that lace the southeast coast of Florida. Limes his toward a backyard dock, and in moments a bucket brigade of dam figures is transferring 50-pound bales wrapped in burlap and plastic garbage bags into a waiting rent-a-truck. Sheafs of greenbacks exchange hands, thick wads of them, signaling the end of another successful dope run.

A new and ugly era has begun in the sport of offshore powerboat racing. Where once swift, deep-V-hulled ocean racers competed solely in kidney-jarring dashes over the high seas for purses of perhaps \$5,000 and a trophy, more and more boats are now running for million-dollar payoffs. Their competition is not other ocean racers but the Coast Guard,



Patrolling off and right off the Bahamas, Rudolph and O'Neil watch for marijuana mother ships



Blazing along at speeds up to 70 mph, powerboats like this sleek Cigarette can outrun the law—except when the feds give chase in their own new racers.

the U.S. Customs Service and the federal Drug Enforcement Administration—because the cargo is marijuana.

Consider the economics. In Colombia—now the major purveyor of grass to the U.S.—marijuana grown in the rugged Guajira Peninsula, east of the Caribbean port of Barranquilla, sells for \$4 to \$6 a pound. Operators of mother ships, usually 60-to-90-foot "island freighters," buy it on the beach at \$40 a pound. The mother ships run up to Florida, usually avoiding Coast Guard "choke points" in the Mona Pass or Windward Passage areas of the Caribbean by swinging far east, and rendezvous with smaller vessels off the Keys or in the Bahamas. These carriers—some of them fast ocean racers with a laden draft of only two feet at top speed—pay the mother ship about \$125 a pound for the stuff. On the beach in the Keys or Miami or Fort Lauderdale, they turn it around for \$350 a pound. On the street in New York, the gross sells for \$40 to \$50 an ounce, or as much as \$800 a pound.

"There is big money to be made at every step along the way," says Don Aro-

now, the man whose competitive skill and Donzi and Cigarette hulls did so much to popularize modern ocean powerboat racing. "We in the ocean-racing fraternity are flattered that the dope runners prefer our kind of boat, but when they get caught we don't like it. We have torn emotions. A kid who works for me was offered \$100,000 to run out to sea one night and resupply fuel for a dope boat. He refused, but it must have been a terrible temptation. Heck, lately we've been getting letters from jailbirds asking for complete specs and prices on our Cigarettes."

One of the nice ironies of the dope trade is that Aronow named his Cigarette design for the most popular rum-running boat of the Prohibition era. Just as in the days of the booze boats, big money is accompanied by bloody violence, as one gang of smugglers tries to rip off another. Over the past year, there have been 27 unsolved drug murders in Florida, most of the victims being young people engaged in deals that fell through in a blaze of gunfire and ended in a ditch, canal or mangrove swamp.

"When the Colombian traffic got heavy a couple of years ago," says Jim Dingfelder, a spokesman for Customs in Miami, "there were quite a few runners using high-performance boats—Corsas, Donzis, Magnums, Signatures, Performers and the like. Then they shifted to slower but less conspicuous vessels: shrimpers, trawlers, sardine boats, sport fishermen and luxury yachts. But lately the swing has been back to ocean racers." Of the 140 boats now in seizure by the Customs in Miami, about 20 are off-shore racing powerboats. Some are new and shiny, as if the impound area were a showroom. But no one knows for sure what percentage of the boats get through and what percentage get caught in their high-speed runs.

Actually, the loss of one drug boat—or even half a dozen—is of little economic concern to a big operator. "These guys have money to burn," says W. B. MacBride, chief of marine operations for Miami Customs. "They have enough cash to walk out on the dock and buy three 53-foot Hatterases at \$375,000 each." Thus the price tag for an ocean

continued

racer is peanuts, even for a 40-foot Cigarette or Corsa fitted out with engines and drives. "I would estimate that for \$65,000—or maybe less—you could put together a top drug-running racing boat," says Aronow. "a 35-to-40-footer fully equipped with twin 454-cubic-inch Mercruiser engines, oversized 350-to-400-gallon fuel tanks, sophisticated navigation and radio gear, the works."

The drug runners frequently show up at one or another of the ocean-racer factories on Miami's N.E. 188th Street ("Fleet Street," the racers call the area) with a wad of bills and a gleam in their eyes. After kicking a few hulls, they say, "Wrap it up and I'll take it from here." They usually choose a stripped, basic hull and deck, power plant and linkages. That package comes to about \$40,000. Another \$3,000 buys the large fuel tanks, which allow for a cruising range of 400 miles, three times the distance to and from any Bahamian rendezvous. According to MacBride of Customs, they then hang top-of-the-line electronics on the boat: "Omega satellite navigators at \$10,000 a copy, Tracker II radars at \$10,000 on up to \$20,000, the latest and best single-sideband radios, computerized Lorain C systems that can fix rendezvous coordi-

nates within 50 feet, Bearcat Models 210 and 250 radar-detecting 'fuzz busters'—you name it, they've got it as part of their equipment."

The only part of the boat that isn't hung with expensive goodies is the long cabin forward of the cockpit. This is the business end of the boat. No bunks, no heads, no galley. All ports are blacked out and taped tight. A 40-foot racing hull can easily carry 3,000 pounds of marijuana, in bundles compressed by a garbage compactor and made waterproof by plastic bagging. One 40-foot Corsa seized by Customs carried 7,000 pounds, according to Dingfelder, and yet was tracked by a government helicopter at speeds of 60 or 70 mph.

Let's see: 7,000 pounds of grass at a beach value of \$350 per pound comes to ... \$2,450,000. Less the \$875,000 paid to the mother ship and \$65,000 for the boat leaves a tax-free profit of \$1,510,000. Not bad for a night's work.

The first line of defense against the drug runners is the Coast Guard. "There's no way that we can run with the offshore racing boats," admits Lieutenant (j.g.) Douglas P. Rudolph, the affable red-bearded skipper of the 95-foot cutter Cape Fox. "We concentrate our

attention on the slower mother ships." Thus far, in his two-year stint as commanding officer of the Cape Fox, operating out of West Palm Beach, Rudolph has done better than most skippers in nailing the big vessels: he has 11 hash marks under the hand-painted green marijuana plants that adorn the flanks of his bridge (or will have when the ship's painter completes the job), and in effect captured two other mother ships, the credit for which went to Bahamian police vessels. "My opinion is that we only catch the dumb ones," he says, "the guys who don't have the sophistication to handle the sophisticated gear."

Rudolph's biggest catch came last Nov. 15 when he intercepted a 95-foot island freighter he called the Faruk. "We came on her at 3:45 a.m. off the Matanilla Reef, roughly 65 miles across the Gulf Stream from Fort Pierce. She'd been dead in the water, and when we hailed her, she claimed Brazilian registry. So technically we couldn't board her without the permission of the Brazilian government. She took off to the east, and we followed her for better than 300 miles, until early the next afternoon. Again we hailed her. This time she said she was of Colombian registry. That made her a

continued



It may look like a lineup on a slipway floor. But these bright new boats were confiscated in various seizures off the coast and keys of Florida.



Right to the end, its Canadian spirit stands out from the crowd. What makes it such a popular choice? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's what you've been searching for, set your course for Lord Calvert Canadian.

The unique spirit of Canada:
We bottled it.

There are four stages in the life of every grass plant where its future could be in doubt. And the seed you put down in the first place generally makes the difference. Chiefly, it depends on the seed's heritage and the condition it's in.

How our plump healthy Family Seed grows safely through these 4 failure zones.

The seed's condition is especially important in the beginning. It takes a pretty robust seed to germinate and



Germination.
The critical days where seed fails the most.

survive. That's why we sort the seed in our mixtures. We get out most of the weak immature seeds that won't make it and keep the plump

mature seeds that are full of vigor.

We also give you aged seed. Freshly harvested bluegrass seed takes longer to germinate. Nature's way is to age the seed so more of it germinates and comes up at the right time. We're so particular that last year we rejected over five million pounds of grass seed that didn't measure up to all our standards.



Emergence.
Breaking through the soil to the light and air.

The plump, healthy seeds in our Family mixture have food reserves (starches and so on) to help them sprout and grow faster. Seeds buried deeper can fight their way up to sunlight. These vigorous seedlings have more power to

force their way through crusted soil or around clods. They grow into grass plants with a strong will to live. And since they get established quicker, they're better able to fight weedlings later on.

They also have roots that can dig down faster for food and water (your grass is only as good as its roots). So more seedlings survive till they

can start producing their own foodstuffs. Then tillers and rhizomes reach out to start new plants and thicken your lawn.



Growth.
Rooting and spreading to thicken your lawn.

The heart of our Family mixture is Victa Kentucky bluegrass. It's a hardy, disease and drought resistant plant. We tried some 5000 different bluegrass strains to find Victa.

And we grew Victa on our research farms for 12 years just to be sure of it.



Maturity.
Meeting the seasonal stresses of lawn life.

As lawns mature, their true character shows through. Some will come on strong for a while and then fold up on you. Our Family seed can grow in medium shade and in a wide variety of soils, including poor soils. With a little help from you (food and water) it will germinate, grow and go on reproducing itself for years.

Family seed will give you a green, all-purpose fine textured lawn that's a joy to behold. It contains fine fescues and another bluegrass be-

sides Victa. We sell other seed mixtures, too, for special purposes. And that's the kind of business we've been in here in Marysville, Ohio, since the year 1864.



"stateless vessel"—you can't claim two countries of registry—so this time we boarded her. There were 37 tons of grass packed right to the hatch covers. She also had a fine up-to-date radar, but it wasn't properly installed. As I say, we catch the dumb ones."

Last February, again on the Matanzas Reef, Rudolph hailed a 75-foot freighter called the *Fiveza V*, out of Venezuela. She claimed to be searching for a disabled sister ship. Rudolph called in the 210-foot Coast Guard cutter *Courageous*, whose crew later found 20 tons of marijuana aboard the *Fiveza*. Meanwhile, Rudolph set out on a search of his own to find the disabled craft. It turned out to be a stripped-down 45-foot cabin cruiser out of Palm Beach, with U.S. citizens aboard. "They didn't know anything about seamanship," he says. "They'd stopped to pick up survivors from another sinking boat and got a line fouled on their screw. Blew their transmission and they started taking on water. I'm sure they were heading out to pick up a load from the *Fiveza*, but what could we prove?"

But if Coast Guard cutters can't catch the fast runners, maybe Customs can. Until recently, the service auctioned off all the confiscated ocean racers, and for ridiculously low prices: \$16,000 at one recent auction for a 28-foot Donzi that cost \$40,000 new. But now the marine unit is using some of the confiscated boats to chase the bad hats. "I can't tell you how many or where they are without compromising them," says Jim Dingfelder, "but they're unmarked and they stay away from the Customs docks. They're strictly undercover boats."

"There are rarely any chases," says W. B. MacBride of the marine unit. "We get some information, we know where to look and we have the speed now to get there before they can split."

For all that, Don Aronow and many others in offshore racing circles are upset that their sport is being perverted, if only by emulation, at the hands of the drug trade. Rumors circulate along Fleet Street: trucks backing in and out of certain docks all night; offers from shady characters of \$25,000 to leave a factory's gates open and its electric hoist switched on; the arrest of a self-described "real offshore racer" for killing a DEA agent. As Aronow says about this dangerous new activity, "We have torn emotions."

END

How to beat the hazards of the street.



The only thing wrong with road running is the road. It's hard, crowded, dirty, full of rocks, holes, dogs, kids, etc.

But there are ways to beat it. Like avoiding it altogether. Whenever possible run on grass or earth. But if you must run on roads, be careful, find the best time of the day when the hazards are at a minimum. Use sidewalks or the shoulder whenever possible. Vary the side of the road you run on. Sidewalks pitch slightly one way, the crown of the road pitches the other. Prolonged running on either can result in many painful injuries.

But the biggest culprit in the street is the brutal force it passively exerts through its hard, unyielding surface.

1600 times each mile your heel strikes the pavement with a force

up to three times your body weight. This is no place for basketball sneakers or tennis shoes. You must wear a well-engineered shoe, designed specifically for running, like the Etonic/km Street Fighter.

Street Fighter has many highly protective features, but the most significant is our unique one piece heel and arch support designed by Dr. Rob Roy McGregor. This device gently forces the natural padding in your foot to resume its intended form and function as a shock absorber. We believe it's the most protective feature available in any running shoe today.

Turn the hard road into easy street with Etonic/km Street Fighters.

Etonic/km
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Street Fighter.

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—his is baseball's Golden Age. Indeed, there is impressive evidence to suggest that the old game's grip on the American sensibility has never been firmer, its future never brighter. A sport that only a decade or so ago seemed to be played quietly in the shadow of its gaudier, more urgently contemporary rival, professional football, is now enjoying unsurpassed popularity and prosperity. Baseball's traditionalists denounce those who proclaim a resurgence, arguing that for something to resurge it must have lain dormant for a time. Baseball, they insist, has plowed resolutely forward since the days of Candy Cummings and Old Hoss Radbourn. The NFL's rise to prominence in the disrupted, war-ravaged '60s was, they

continued

BASEBALL 1979

SCULPTURE BY WILLIAM KING





BASEBALL continued

say, a media invention. It was also, they concede reluctantly, a matter of superstition and a willingness to exploit and be exploited by television. Pro football is still very much in the picture, but the latest polls show baseball to be the sport these days. And statistics indicate that the upward curve has been steep and is almost surely still climbing.

The average attendance at major league games last year was 20,733, up from 13,869 in 1963 and 15,705 in 1968. Individually and collectively, the two leagues established all-time attendance records last season, the total for both being 40,636,886. Six teams, three in each league, attracted more than two million fans at home, and one, the Dodgers, became the first franchise in history to ex-

ceed three million—3,347,845 in 80 dates, an extraordinary per-date average of 41,848. San Francisco increased its home attendance by more than a million over 1977, and if that does not represent a resurgence, then the word is meaningless. The five California major league teams alone drew more than nine million fans, an average of 1.8 million, despite the presence among them of the damaged Oakland A's.

Baseball also has become a television superstar. In 1969, World Series games were watched by an average audience of 21 million; in 1978, after eight years of prime-time Series games, the average was 44 million. Overall, last season's Series attracted 30 million more viewers than did *Roots*. Obviously, the network that ac-

quires the Series has a hot property, as witness the case of NBC. Only twice this TV season, which began in September, has the network topped the weekly ratings. Those were the weeks it carried the Series. Its margin over its competitors was apparently directly related to the number of games broadcast. In the first week of the Series, NBC had a prime-time rating of 25.9, as compared with ABC's 18.6 and CBS' 15.9. The following week, when only one Series game was played, NBC edged ABC 19.8 to 19.7, with CBS trailing at 17.8. With the Series completed, NBC fell into last place.

Innumerable theories are advanced to explain baseball's current vogue, and some make sense. Baseball's ticket prices are easily the lowest in professional sport—an average of about \$4, for example, compared to the NFL's \$9.75—and because baseball is played nearly every day, seats are usually available, even in Dodger Stadium and Fenway Park. In some cities, bleacher seats cost only a dollar, a bargain virtually unequaled in the entertainment business. The relative inexpensiveness and the availability of tickets would seem to explain yet another phenomenon, the ever-increasing number of young people flocking to ball parks. Pro football thrives on the season ticket, and it isn't cheap. The result is that NFL stadiums are all but the exclusive property of middle-class, middle-aged Americans. Thus, baseball has the upper hand with youngsters and young adults of modest means.

That suits the game's management perfectly. Baseball prefers its fans to span the generations, because it has always placed great store in continuity—the transfer of allegiance from parent to child. Bob Fishel, assistant to the president of the American League, points up the significance of the once-ridiculed "giveaway days" that began in earnest in the mid-'60s, when the game seemed to be losing its grip. Cap Day and the like were seen at the time as acts of desperation, the sports equivalent of the *Dish Nights* staged in impoverished movie theaters during the Depression. But, argues Fishel, "they got kids coming to the ball parks, and they've kept on coming. Now many of them are parents who bring their kids to the parks."

The owners and their executives have

come to recognize that there is more to selling the game than opening the gates and letting the hordes rush in. "We're more sophisticated in promoting our product," says Harry Dalton, general manager of the Milwaukee Brewers. "We're utilizing marketing techniques, increasing our advertising, taking surveys, emphasizing group sales." "You have to make people believe in your organization," says Giant owner Bob Lurie, who made believers of the extra million fans in San Francisco last year. Most of all, it was a winning team that brought the spectators back, but that has not caused Lurie, who averages at least one speaking engagement a week throughout the year, to stop plugging the product. "It's like selling razor blades or anything else," he says.

Fishel suggests—and Dalton agrees—that the free-agent rule, detested as it is by the game's hierarchy, has been useful in keeping baseball before the public in the winter when football and basketball usually dominate the news. The big salaries generate interest, and the freer movement of talent stimulates ticket sales. The defections of Pete Rose from Cincinnati and Rod Carew from Minnesota have sent ticket orders soaring in their new cities, Philadelphia and Anaheim, without appreciably affecting business in the towns they abandoned.

And finally, there is the game itself and its relation to the mood of the times. "I think there is a big nonviolent trend among young people now, possibly relating back to the reaction against the Vietnam war," says National League President Chub Feeney. "You can spend 2½ hours at one of our games and not see people getting their heads knocked in." Says Dalton, "There's no clock in our game, and people everywhere live by the clock. We offer real drama, involving people, not time." The people themselves are the paramount ingredient. As the old gate attractions—Rose, McCovey, Stargell, Morgan, et al.—fade somewhat, ready replacements—Rice, Parker, Clark, Guidry, et al.—climb past them, while those in the middle—Carew, Seaver, Garvey, Ryan, Jackson, et al—hold fast, more or less.

A less tangible explanation of the game's triumph was suggested this spring by Bill Rigney, former manager of the Gi-

ants, Angels and Twins and now the Angels' "special assignment" man. Rigney may be baseball's finest anecdotist, and he is certainly among its most faithful enthusiasts. Reminiscing hilariously in a Scottsdale, Ariz. restaurant, he paused to examine his exuberance. "I was invited to a reunion not long ago," he said, "and one of the people came up to me and said, 'Rig, you sure look good. All you baseball people do.' Well, I was flattered, then I thought about it. Why shouldn't we look good? It's the game. It keeps us young. When you're in the park, you see no past, no future, just the present. You're there...NOW."

This sense of being frozen in time can be experienced by the fan as well. In a sense, the game keeps all who care about

it young. It is significant that baseball begins in the spring, a time of reawakening, of fresh endeavor. Each season is a renewal—of hope, of faith in the old home team, of a kind of courage. "This year we'll get the damn Yankees," a Red Sox zealot might say bravely in April. It is a happy time, this beginning. And it is a happy game. For a few hours each day, the world seems a somewhat better place than we know it to be. That is not a bad feeling.

—ROY FISHLE

To add to your enjoyment of the season ahead, the ensuing pages offer a look at some great hitters, including two who are still very active, scouting reports on all 26 teams and Jim Bouton's own story of his comeback





PITT, THE CITY WHERE THEY HIT

Pittsburgh has had swashbucklers at the plate dating back to 1883, when Edward Swartwood won the first of its record 23 batting championships. And the tradition is far from dead, as Dave Parker's titles in '77 and '78 attest

Honus Wagner, the game's best shortstop, was the first of the great Pirate line-drive hitters. From 1900 to 1912 he averaged .345, won eight batting titles and led the league in RBIs five times.

Pitchers never discovered an antidote for Paul Waner's bat. He was poison to all fields—in the 1932 season Waner sprayed out 62 doubles—and he had three batting championships during his 15 years as a Pittsburgh outfielder.



continued



Pittsburgh hadn't won a pennant in 32 years when Dick Groat, another shortstop, cranked up his line-drive stroke and hit a league-leading 325 in 1960. He became the MVP and the Pirates became the world champions.

Although he hit 300 or better in each of his 10 seasons with the Pirates, Arky Vaughan, a shortstop, might have gone unnoticed in the Pittsburgh of the Waner brothers had he not averaged a life-winning .385 in 1935.



Though he won four batting crowns and three times hit better than .350 during his 18 Pirate seasons, Roberto Clement's most glorious moment was the 1971 World Series, when he averaged .414 and sparked in rightfield.



continued



A LOUDMOUTH AND HIS LOUD BAT

by ROY BLOUNT

Though a play at the plate almost cost Dave Parker half his face, he has lost none of his cheek. He backs up his preposterous words with potent deeds

There's only one thing bigger than me, and that's my ego," says the Pirates' Dave Parker. "No, not really, but take Willie Mays and Roberto Clemente and match their first five years up against mine, and they don't compare with me. When I have trouble with my girl friend or there's something else I need to push aside, I say, 'Wait 35 years and see if anybody comes along like me.'"

That's pretty mild talk for Parker; sometimes he goes a step further and comes on like David, Goliath, Paul Bunyan and Richard Pryor rolled into one. But he only does it among friends. From a dais, upon receiving something like the National League Most Valuable Player award, which he won hands down last season, Parker is more likely to say, "It was a team effort. A lot of people had a part in this."

The wide disparity between Parker's public and private utterances does not constitute a contradiction, because he is just about everything he purports to be, including a team man. In his own eyes and those of a majority of knowledgeable observers, he is, at 27, the best all-round player in baseball—a base-stealing, morale-building power hitter who has won two straight batting championships and Gold Gloves. With a new contract worth more than \$1 million a year, Parker is also the highest-paid performer in team sports.

As for his team, it has been seven years since the Pirates were in the World Series and last season they drew fewer than a million fans for the first time since 1969. But that doesn't make Parker an isolated star on an ignored team in an unglamorous city. He reflects the influences of a long, irregular line of Pittsburgh guys—Clemente, Willie Stargell, Bill Virdon, Dock Ellis, Joe L. Brown, Tom Reich, to name just a few—and embodies the free-swinging tradition of generations of Pirate line-drive hitters, who have generally been the best in baseball.

It was 1973, but it could have been 1903 or yesterday, when Dodger Pitcher Don Sutton said, "Each club has a special hitting personality. One club will watch your delivery and say, 'Oh boy, here comes a fastball,' and they'll jump on it. Others say, 'Oh boy, here's a changeup.' The Pirates just say, 'Oh boy, here comes a baseball.'"

That's the way Parker hits. "I be huckling at anything that go by, high, low or in between," he says. "My approach is: see something I like and attack it." That is also his approach to locker-room conversation. He will see Shortstop Frank Tavarnis, for example, and yell, "Hey, Frank, you can't hit!"

And that is his approach to playing rightfield. "He's like the 10th man in softball out there," says First Baseman Stargell. "On a ground ball he's backing up first before I'm there to take the throw. We were both after a foul ball one time with our arms outstretched, and we came together face to face like two big pairs of scissors. It was the only time I ever kissed him. We hit and flew apart by yards and yards." Parker covers second on infield pop-ups, he gets involved in rundowns between second and third, he is everywhere. Pete Rose may be Charlie Hustle, but Parker hustles just as hard and considerably faster.

On the bases, too, he takes all he can get. Says Parker, "The highlight of the

continued

Not one of the other Pittsburgh batting kings could match reigning champion Parker's ability to hit for both average and distance. During the last two seasons he has batted 336 while crashing a total of 51 home runs.

game to me is scoring from first on a double in such a way that people look at me in amazement, as if they're saying, 'My, how fast that big man can move.'"

Big he is—6' 5", 230 pounds. His legs terminate after a lengthy run, in an upper body that looks like two Doberman pinschers bound tightly together. In addition to his speed afoot, he has general quickness—hence his nickname, Cobra—and a rifle arm. "He's one of those rare individuals who come along every 15 or 20 years," says Stargell. "Rare, and unique, and strong."

But baseball people who have been watching Parker since he came out of a rough Cincinnati neighborhood nine years ago agree that it has not been just natural aptitude that has made him what he is. It is a popular misconception, shared by Parker himself, that the reason he was drafted so low—on the 14th round—by the Pirates in 1970 was a knee injury he suffered in high school football. Actually, says Pittsburgh Executive Vice-President Pete Peterson and scout Howie Haak, Parker, who then seemed incapable of hitting a ball in the air, just didn't look like all that much of a prospect. Furthermore, because he had a history of wrangling with coaches, he was dismissed by some scouts as a "militant." "The Reds had been watching him all along," says Haak. "They laughed at us when we took him."

They didn't laugh for very long thereafter. Parker was an immediate minor league star, and from the beginning he soaked up instruction, thought on his feet and worked hard. Bill Virdon, as a Pirate coach and then the team's manager, pushed the youthful Parker through exhaustive seminars on the fine points of outfielding, and although the Cobra didn't have to be taught to attack pitches with Piratical zest, he acknowledges the value of tips from Stargell and Batting Coach Bob Skinner.

Pirate players also helped bring Parker along. "I idolized Clemente in some ways," Parker says. "In spring training of '71 I worked out with him in the outfield. He would say, 'Woow, I used to be able to throw like that.' I found that to be a relaxing thing."

"And Stargell took me under his wing. He is a soft-spoken, very kind individual, 24-karat gold. In '71, when I was playing A ball and he was hitting 48 home runs for Pittsburgh, I read where people would tell him he was going great, and

he would say there was a guy in the minor leagues going to rewrite the record books." Parker hasn't forced the statisticians to stop the presses yet, but his claim about being better than Mays and Clemente were at the same juncture in their careers, while not wholly accurate, gives a good idea of how close Parker has come to fulfilling Stargell's brash prediction. After five full seasons, he has a .320 batting average, 93 homers and 425 RBIs, far better than Clemente's .282, 26 and 237 if not quite on a par with Mays' .314, 183 and 486.

"And Dock Ellis," says Parker. "The first time I saw Dock, here he comes in white pants with a purple stripe down the side, a purple suede jacket with spangles hanging and a little band around his head. He was wearing about four rings." Parker is more into earth tones—he has a brown Mercedes with brown beavskin upholstery—but Ellis' flamboyance encouraged him not to repress his own vocal outrageousness.

From the beginning Parker was a big-talking kid, but the Pirates didn't resent him. "That goes back to Joe L. Brown, when he was general manager," says Ellis, who now pitches for the Rangers. "He always told us, 'Make the new ones feel at home.' And we did."

Ellis got Parker started keeping a book on pitchers. There is wild free-swinging and then there is informed free-swinging. Parker charts the "patterns" of every pitcher he hacks away against.

Ellis also did Parker a good turn economically, by introducing him to Tom Reich, the Pittsburgh lawyer whose firm negotiates contracts for about 50 players including Joe Morgan and George Foster of Cincinnati and J. R. Richard of Houston. Reich, who for all of his wide-ranging associations refers to the Pirates as "we," counseled Parker before Parker could afford to pay him, and this winter he saw to it that the Pirates made the Cobra a rich man. "We wanted to make sure Dave was financially secure for life, but not set in concrete," says Reich. When Parker's five-year, \$7 million commitment with the Pirates is up, he will be only 32.

"I could make more money in another city," says Parker, "but I want to know where my roots are. And the Pirates are different. In the clubhouse, the Dodgers couldn't take me. The Yankees, with the

situation the way it is now on that team, they couldn't take me."

"I'm verbal. I verbalize to get up for the game. I got to get in there and air it out. 'I'm wall to wall and treecut tall. Two things for sure, the sun's gonna shine and I'm going 3 for 4.'"

"The great Ah says the reason he talks a lot is that he puts himself on the line and then has to go out and back it up. I push myself in that regard."

"And I'm cracking on everybody. Nobody better get around the sword when it's swinging! If you first meet me in the clubhouse, you'd say I'm very insulting. Loud. Maybe you'd even think in terms of a bully. 'I'm yelling at our catcher, Ed Ott. You can't throw, Eddie!' But it helps the club. I'm sure the next time Eddie throws, he'll be thinking about that. 'You can't be thin-skinned and be a Pirate.'"

There are study teams—"I hear that when you get too loud in the Dodgers' clubhouse, they call you aside and say, 'We don't do that,'" marvels Pirate infielder Phil Garner. There are teams, notably the Red Sox, that have traded away all their blood spirits and now seem generally sullen. There are teams, like the Yankees, which kid around rather obliquely, exclusively, edgily. And then there are the Pirates.

Pittsburgh traditionally has the loudest, trashiest-mouthed, loosest, most uproarious dressing room in baseball. Balls of tape fly through the air. People are forever doing unflattering imitations of each other, lifting each other up bodily, deflating each other's ethnic heritages and threatening each other's lives. "I'll reach down your gullet and pull out your heart!" Bob Veale used to exclaim.

"Brotherly love is so much bull," says Garner. "You get 25 guys together, some from Puerto Rico and some from the ghetto and some from rich white neighborhoods and some from poor white neighborhoods, and a lot of them are bitter about the way they grew up. Are you going to tell me they will all love each other? But this team gets it out into the open and brings everybody into it."

Take the case of Lee Lacy, who came to the Pirates this year from the Dodgers. "I think Lacy is rejoicing over getting out of that white-collar thing in L.A. and seeing, hey, some fun," says Parker. Along about the third day of training camp Lacy was getting a rubdown when—Yiiii!—a hideous old bald-headed man with warts sprang out at him from

beneath the training table, right up into his face. Horrified, Lacy drew back his fist. Then he realized it was just Pitcher Jim Rooker wearing a pullover mask.

The next thing Lacy knew he was being asked if he had ever seen Trainer Tony Bartirome "lift three guys." This is an old Pirate trick that Bartirome acquired years ago from a Pittsburgh guy named Socko McCarey, who is said to have picked it up somewhere back in the '20s. The way it winds up is not with Bartirome lifting three guys but with the person who has never seen the trick—always the middle one of the three guys, and in this case Lacy—being immobilized on the floor. His pants are then unzipped and filled with shaving cream, baby oil, liniment, Afro-American cosmetics, soup, chocolate milk and whatever other liquids or semi-liquids are handy. Lacy arose thus anointed and cried, "All right! I love that spirit!"

The spirit has many mansions—one feels that Evel Knievel, Huey P. Newton, Tennessee Williams and Charo could move in, and the Pirates' clubhouse would work them into its mix—but Parker is currently the most imposing house on the block. He tends to refer to himself simply as "the team."

"Don't worry about the players!" he yells at clubhouse attendants who are attending to others instead of immediately bringing him some fresh item of equipment. "Take care of the team!"

Later, he reflects on his clubhouse style. "I don't think I'm talking in an arrogant vein," he says. "It's in a joking vein. But, then again, if somebody takes it seriously, it holds up anyway. I'm telling everybody what I can do, and they're thinking, 'He's joking, but, well, he can do it.' So what the hell."

In recent years, as a matter of fact, the Pirates may have been working out their tensions too well in the clubhouse. They tend to play sloppy defense and to put off making their greatest concerted effort until too late in the campaign. Last season, for example, they mounted a dramatic charge in August and September, with Parker batting .381 and .415 in those months, to rise up from fourth place and put a real scare into the Phillies. Still, they finished second by 1½ games in the National League East. And home attendance was bad even during their hot streak. Pittsburgh, it seems, is too much a football town.

Fortunately for the Pirates, Parker

plays hard all the time, and sometimes what he plays is almost football. Last June, while trying to score a tying run against the Mets on a short fly to left, he smashed into Catcher John Stearns. "I was on deck," says Stargell, "and when I saw the look in Dave's eyes it was eerie. I saw this wildness, and then it was like an A-bomb."

"John had the ball," recalls Parker. "and he had a satisfied look on his face. My running-back instincts came back. I tried to put my face in his face."

Stearns, who used to play some defensive back, held on to the ball. The left side of Parker's face was flattened, the cheekbone was shattered, blood was jetting from his eye. "The doctors tried to fix it by going through my mouth, but that didn't work, so they had to go in through my nose," Parker says.

But Parker was no sooner out of surgery than he was back in the clubhouse—yelling, "enjoying the atmosphere," with a hugely swollen head. After missing 11 games he returned to the lineup wearing a hockey goalie's mask during batting practice and a football facemask, which he will continue wearing this season, during games.

"Hey," he says, "I gave this team my cheek. I was pretty before I lost my cheek. And I'm crazy about the guys. For Willie and me both to hit 30 home runs and drive in 100 runs in one year—I'd give up a batting title for that. And a guy like John Milner, he's the solid earth." In the dressing room, however, what Parker tends to bellow to Milner is, "Bleep-bleep, you ain't bleep!"

Sometimes Parker mixes compliments with obloquy, as when he says of Dale Berra, a mild-mannered, defensively adept infielder who happens to be Yogi's son, "Berra, he don't know where we are or what day it is, but he can pick it. Hey, Dale! What time is it? Where are we at?"

"I'm not stupid," says Berra, calmly. There is room in the Pirate clubhouse even for simple dignity.

Parker is usually on the attack, but he takes his share of heat. When he showed up in camp late for spring training, Garber was all over him, waving his finger in his face and yelling, "Here we've been busting our tails for two days and where were you?"

"If I hit like you do," replied Parker, while managing to beam and glower at the same time. "I'd've been here since Christmas!"

"In the clubhouse," says Parker, "it's like I'm talking to my brother, saying, 'I'm bad. Nobody's badder than me.' But away from the guys, I try to say, you know, 'I'm managing.' I was talking that way to an old friend of mine in Cincinnati, and he thought I was insulting him. Said, 'That's not the D.P. I knew.' So, you know, I went back to 'I'm bad.'"

The kid people knew in Cincinnati as D.P. was part of a close, industrious family. He fought in the streets, but he also supported himself with various jobs from the time he was 14.

And I always played ball," says Parker. "When I was a little kid I lived two streets over from Crosley Field, and I loved the Reds. One time I saw Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson getting out of a car. I was dumbfounded standing there. And Frank gave me a glove. That tripped me out. I told my mother when I was nine that I was going to grow up and play ball and buy her a house."

"We played right there outside the stadium. I learned to slide on concrete. We played in Levi's, and it took some technique. I very seldom skint myself."

"I still apply myself. And I haven't peaked yet. I am the lead talent in baseball today. I'm going to get 3,000 hits. I'm going to set the record for most hits in a game. This year, when the leaves turn brown, I'll have the Triple Crown. I'm probably going to bat .400 one day. It may sound unreal, but I think in terms of dreams that are dreamt to be lived."

One night during spring training Parker and a friend from Atlanta went to the dog track in St. Petersburg, and Pete Rose's wife Carolyn came by. They established that Dave and Carolyn had grown up in adjoining neighborhoods in Cincinnati—Parker said he used to "terrorize" the grocery store where Carolyn shopped. They gossiped a while, and then they got to talking about hustle and money and motivation.

You might think that a millionaire bellplayer and another one's wife would be a little blasé about the subject of playing ball, but Parker and Carolyn seemed to get more and more excited.

"You love the game?" she cried suddenly.

"Yeah!" exclaimed Parker, and you could have kept a whole clubhouse lit up and reflecting for years with the look in his eyes.

CONTINUED

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEST

Last season the weak were stronger; this year the strong are weaker, so the cause of equality will again be served. Since 1973 the Dodgers and the Reds have exchanged first- and second-place finishes in a division where the rich have habitually gotten richer. But last season the beefed-up Giants were on top from May 12 to Aug. 6—except for the single day of June 7—and the ruling order was shaken. At the finish, the Dodgers were again first and the Reds second, but both were awash with foreboding. And now each has lost a previously invaluable player.

The Dodgers are best equipped to deal with adversity, because in 22-year-old righthander Bob Welch they have a ready replacement for the departed free agent, Tommy John. According to his pitching coach, Red Adams, Welch "has one of the best fastballs in the league." He also throws a wicked curve, and he is laboring to perfect a changeup. Welch, it seems, is the real article, but John won 17 games in '78 and 20 in '77 and is recognized as a nonpareil competitor. "We can't measure the loss of Tommy John until October," says Steve Garvey realistically.

Even if the kid should unaccountably fall flat on his downy cheeks, the Dodgers' pitching will remain strong. Welch joins a starting rotation of Burt Hooton, Don Sutton, Doug Rau and Andy Messersmith. Andy Messersmith? Yes, baseball's Simon Bolivar, the man who in a 1975 contract hassle with Los Angeles got the free-agent business started, is back in Dodger blue. Messersmith may have liberated his compatriots, but his own career went distinctly sour in the process. After two mediocre seasons in Atlanta, he joined the Yankees last year and separated his shoulder during spring training. The Yankees released him at the end of the season, but Messersmith, 33, was convinced that he could still pitch. He was given a tryout by the Dodgers on Jan. 25, and 13 days later he signed a two-year contract. "He is

the greatest steal since the Brink's job," says his optimistic manager, Tommy Lasorda. Or maybe since the last corner grocery bubble-gum heist.

The Dodger starting lineup will be the same: Steve Yeager and Joe Ferguson alternating at catcher, Garvey at first, Davey Lopes at second, Bill Russell at short, Ron Cey at third, Dusty Baker in left, Rick Monday in center and Reggie Smith in right. Gone to Pittsburgh is versatile Lee Lacy, but Lasorda hopes another Jack-of-most-trades, Derrel Thomas, will fill the holes Lacy once plugged up in the infield and outfield. This is still a team of power, speed and pitching. Its defensive weaknesses in the infield generally have not surfaced until World Series time, and by then it has been too late for the rest of the National League. The same pattern seems likely to be repeated this season.

The Giants might inch one step closer to the top, displacing the troubled Reds in second place. Manager Joe Altobelli has virtually the same team that revived baseball in San Francisco a year ago. Only the Giants are not the same, because they are a year older and, presumably, wiser. Jack Clark, the 23-year-old budding superstar, is also about 10 pounds heavier at a still-lean 205. He approached his apparently fathomless potential in '78 by hitting .306 with 25 homers and 98 RBIs, but he looked even stronger this spring. Clark needs to polish his outfielding, which borders on the erratic, and his base running, which borders on madness, but even if he accomplishes neither of these, he could soon be a triple-crown threat.

Altobelli is convinced he has found his leadoff man and centerfielder in Bill North, late of the Dodgers and the A's, who signed this spring as a free agent. North has led the American League in stolen bases, he switch-hits, and he has played on championship teams. His influence on the young Giants, if only by example, could be a big factor.

There are problems in the infield, but one of them is of the sort managers appreciate—an overloaded position. At first base Altobelli has an aging immortal, Willie McCovey, who insists he can still play at 41, and a young slugger, Mike Ivie, who feels his time has come. Ivie hit .308 last year as a part-timer and drove in 55 runs, 20 as a pinch hitter. He reported to the Giant training camp 20 pounds lighter at 205 and announced himself ready to play full time. After a brilliant 1977 season, McCovey last year hit only .228, with 12 homers in 108 games, but he was among the league's RBI leaders until the All-Star break. A shoulder injury in August cost him much of the rest of the season. This spring McCovey reported at 215 pounds, seven fewer than a year ago and, to the consternation of many, announced himself ready to play. He can still hit, but after a succession of knee injuries, his mobility is still so limited even his fellow infielders are complaining. Ivie will probably get the job, but McCovey's enormous popularity in San Francisco creates a problem of tact here.

A more serious, if less delicate, problem exists at shortstop, where Johnnie LeMaster and Roger Metzger are in

competition. Platooning the two, even though Metzger is a switch-hitter, didn't work last year, but neither seems capable at the moment of handling the job alone. A solution is imperative, because the Giants are set at third and second with Darrell Evans, who hit 20 homers, and Bill Madlock, who batted over 300 for the fifth time in five big league seasons. The catcher is strong-armed Marc Hill, but he must improve his anemic hitting—.243 with only three homers in 117 games—if the Giants are to make a serious run at the Dodgers.

It is on the mound that San Francisco is at its best. The starting rotation of Vida Blue (18-10), Bob Knepper (17-11), Ed Halacki (9-10 but a 2.85 ERA) and John Montefusco (11-9) is potentially the equal of any, and the bullpen from which Randy Moffitt and Gary Lavelle emerge is truly a bastion. The key man is Montefusco, who had an off season. "I was just plain stupid last year," the Count acknowledges. "I went with my fastball and forgot about all the other pitches. The hitters were just sitting on my fastball. If I'd had a good year, we would've won it."

The Reds might have won it but for injuries and creeping old age among their established stars, notably Joe Morgan, Tom Seaver and Johnny Bench. Morgan is 35, but his sorry 1978 season—.236 with 13 homers and 19 stolen bases—can probably be attributed more to a stomach-muscle pull than to advancing years. He is healthy this year, but the peculiar jabbing stroke he developed while swinging with pain persists as a bad habit. Seaver, 34, concedes that "my days of striking out 16 to 18 a game are over." He was 16-14 last year, but in 15 of his 36 starts his teammates scored two runs or fewer, and a pulled calf muscle contributed to a painfully slow beginning. His ERA was 6.52 for his first six starts. Bench is only 31, but he has caught 1,500 games during the last 12 seasons. Catchers age quickly, and Bench, bothered much of last year with a bad back, may already be playing on borrowed time.

But age is not as conspicuous a factor in the Reds' scheme of things as is the absence of Pete Rose and Manager Sparky Anderson. Rose defected to Philadelphia for the well-publicized zillion dollars, and Anderson was summarily cashiered, presumably for not winning the division in his last two years. He is succeeded by John McNamara, an affable, intelligent, low-keyed former manager at Oakland and San Diego. McNamara has appointed Ken Griffey as Rose's replacement at leadoff hitter and Ray Knight as his successor at third base. Griffey is speedier than Rose and will steal more bases and beat out more infield hits, and Knight, in his own opinion at least, is a better fielder. "I'm a better third baseman than Pete," he has said, "and everyone here knows it." Possibly, but Pete Rose had other qualities, as the Hall of Fame voters will eventually confirm.

The Reds still have George Foster, the league's home-run and RBI champion the last two seasons, but they will need improved bat work from First Baseman Dan Driessen (.250) and Centerfielder Cesar Geronimo (.226) to crank up



Whether the Dodgers can make it three in a row in the West may depend on how well precocious fastballer Bob Welch steps in for Tommy John in the rotation. Playing only half the 1978 season in the majors, Welch had a 7-4 record, a 2.03 ERA and a string World Series debut.

the Old Red Machine. Beyond Seaver, the Reds' pitching is a fright. Bill Bonham is recovering from elbow surgery, Paul Moskau is coming off a poor season and Fred Norman is 36. Tom Hume, who won five games on the Reds' fall tour of Japan, will be the fifth starter if he can conquer a tendency to come in tantalizingly high with his fastball. The bullpen, with Doug Bair and Pedro Borbon, seems good enough. But Red bats can no longer support Red arms.

Pitching should be San Diego's strong suit. Forty-year-old Cy Young Award winner Gaylord Perry (21-6), whose hair—what little there is of it—is now gray, heads a staff of starters that includes Randy Jones, Eric Rasmussen, Bob Ojchinko and Steve Mura. The Padres' bullpen of Rolfe Fingers, who had 37 saves in '78; John D'Acquisto; Mark Lee, who was 5-1 in 56 appearances as a rookie; and Bob Shirley is hard to beat. D'Acquisto was the happiest sur-

continued

prise of last season. He had 10 saves, 104 strikeouts in 93 innings and a 2.13 ERA. A 1974 Rookie of the Year with the Giants, he had been plagued with seemingly incurable wildness. His fastball has been clocked at 100 miles an hour, but as one former manager remarked, "He couldn't keep it in this room." He experimented last season with a simplified delivery, which involved keeping his elbow up and his wrist uncurled, and—voilà!—he got control. D'Acquisto was sustained in his long search for the plate by the experience of another pitcher who suffered from wildness early in his career. "I just kept telling myself, 'Sandy Koufax, Sandy Koufax,'" D'Acquisto says.

The Padres also have some offensive punch, particularly in an outfield of Jerry Turner (.280) in left, Gene Richards (.308) in center and Dave Winfield (.308) in right. Richards started last season as a first baseman, a position now occupied by Mike Hargrove, who was obtained in a trade with Texas. Manager Roger Craig assumes that Hargrove's .251 season in '78—he averaged .303 during his first four big league seasons—was an aberration.

Bill Almon is the second baseman, rookie Barry Evans is at third, and last year's rookie sensation, Ozzie Smith, is a superb shortstop. Gene Tenace, who commuted between catcher and first last year and, possibly because of it, hit only .224, is now strictly a catcher. "This is the first time the Padres have been a real contender," says Craig.

With a little more success on the road, the Astros, who finished 21 games back in '78, could make it a five-team race. In the Astrodome they were a pennant-contending 50-31; outside it they were a cellar-dwelling 24-57. "There are climatic changes outside the Astrodome," Manager Bill Virdon correctly concludes. "It always takes two or three days to adjust after playing indoors." Inside or out, Houston must get a full season from its star, the unpredictable Cesar Cedeño, to be a contender. Cedeño tore a knee ligament sliding into second base against the Cubs last June 16. "I looked up," he recalls, "and the top of the Dome was spinning." He was virtually finished for the season. This year he will be flanked in the outfield by Terry Puhl in right and Jose Cruz, who hit a very quiet .315 in 1978, in left. Bob Watson, whom the Astros wanted to trade but didn't, will be the first baseman, and Craig Reynolds, whom Seattle wanted to trade and did, is the new shortstop. Reynolds hit .292 last year, but Mariner Manager Durrell Johnson decided he was not quick enough to play shortstop on the Kingdome's artificial surface. Now the Astros will see if he's quick enough for the rug in another dome.

League strikeout-leader J. R. Richard heads a pitching staff that also includes Joe Niekro, Ken Forsch, Vern Riffe and, possibly, Joaquin Andujar. The bullpen is weak.

Most of the talk in the Atlanta Braves' camp was about a man who was not there—Rookie of the Year Bob Horner. Horner hit 23 homers in 89 games last year, 19 of them in Atlanta Stadium and the other four in similarly cozy Wrigley Field. He absented himself from most of spring training

over a salary squabble that, in the view of the Braves' owner, Ted Turner, merits him Ingrave of the Year honors. With Horner, who at the eleventh hour allowed that he'd play for Atlanta, the Braves are long on power. Gary Matthews, who had 18 homers despite missing 27 games with an injured shoulder; Jeff Burroughs (23); and Dale Murphy (23) are all bombers. But the team finished last in the league in team batting (.244) and pitching (4.08 ERA) and last in the division standings. Young (25) Larry McWilliams and old (40) Phil Niekro will be heroic on the mound, but the Braves are not likely to gain ground.

—ROD FORDS

THE EAST From the lowest clubhouse boy to the very highest front-office poo-bah, everyone in baseball agrees that the Phillies are a team on the verge—but no one is exactly sure what Philadelphia is on the verge of. On Dec. 5 the Phillies signed free-agent Pete Rose to play first base, thereby ensuring the winning of their first National League pennant since 1950. After all, with Rose's hot bat and fiery spirit, how could Philadelphia fail? Two months later, however, 13-game winner Larry Christenson broke his right collarbone and the Phillies suddenly lost the Eastern Division. After all, without a solid pitching staff, how could they succeed? Which of these early portents is correct will not be known until fall, but for now they are a source of much speculation.

The Phillies have had a relatively easy time of it the last three seasons, winning the division by an average of five games over second-place Pittsburgh and by 15 games over three different third-place clubs. They have shown variety in the way they have done it, too: a fast start in '76, a fast finish in '77 and a late holding action in '78.

Even though last season's final margin was a perilously narrow 1½ games, Philadelphia still made a strong case for its overall superiority, because so many of its important players had off years. This suggests that the Phillies don't just dominate the division, they own it. They will have the opportunity to reaffirm this in 1979, when they try to become the first National League team to win four consecutive division titles.

Philadelphia benefits by playing in the weaker half of the National League. The Phillies and Pirates are the only Eastern teams to play better than .500 ball last year, and only Pittsburgh had a winning record against the West. When Philadelphia lost its third straight championship series, 3-1 to the Dodgers, the defeat worsened the division's overall playoff record to seven losses in 10 appearances.

The Phillies hope Rose not only will solidify their first-place standing in the East but also will give them an edge over any playoff opponent. Soon after signing his four-year, \$3.2 million contract, Rose said, "I see myself as being the something extra that can put the Phillies over the top and into the World Series." So do his teammates. "Getting Pete

is definitely a morale booster," says Centerfielder Garry Maddox. Shortstop Larry Bowa believes, "Pete will lead by example. I can see him getting the one big hit in a key play-off situation that the rest of us have never gotten before."

By replacing Richie Hebner at first, Rose now has a chance to make the All-Star team at a fifth position (following appearances at second and third and in right and left). To prepare for just such a change, he began working out at first base during Cincinnati's late fall tour of Japan, even though he did not know then what team he'd be playing for in '79.

One skill Rose does not have to work on is his hitting. As he swings for his 14th .300 season, he will give the Phillies the consistent leadoff man they have lacked since Dave Cosh departed two years ago. Now, with switch hitters Rose and Bowa, who had 192 hits last season, batting one-two, opposing pitchers will get no rest.

Another valuable newcomer to the Philie infield is former Cuh Manny Trillo, a first-rate second baseman who will fill a yawning gap five players failed to plug in '78. His wide range will be particularly valuable on balls hit to Rose's

right. At first base, Pete not only has the disadvantage of being righthanded, but he is unaccustomed to going to his right and no longer has even the modest range he had as a young second baseman.

The rest of the everyday lineup is unchanged. Bowa (.284) and Bob Boone (.283) are coming off fine seasons, and Third Baseman Mike Schmidt (.251 with 21 homers and 78 RBIs) and outfielders Greg Luzinski (.265, 35, 101) and Bake McBride (.269) can be counted on to improve on their somewhat disappointing totals of a year ago.

Philadelphia's only serious concern is the quality of its pitching. The Phillies tried all spring to land a top starter, but the best they could do was a deal that sent Hebner to the Mets for Nino Espinosa. The young righthander was 2-7 after July 30 last year when he seemed to lose something on his fastball. So Philadelphia still has just three proven starters: Steve Carlton, who was 16-13 on the mound and .291 at the plate; Dick Ruthven, who was 13-5 after arriving from Atlanta in June, and Randy Lerch (11-8).

Even with Espinosa, the Phillies could use another starter. Carlton requires a five-man rotation to be effective, veterans Jim Lonborg and Jim Kaat are past being counted on, and the bullpen is not as strong as it has been. If Christensen loses too much time or effectiveness, Philadelphia will be hard pressed to win.

No matter what happens, Pittsburgh is the only team the Phillies must worry about. And for the Pirates to succeed, they must overcome some problems of their own—age, injury and a giveaway defense. In the field, Catcher Ed Ott, Third Baseman Phil Garner and Shortstop Frank Taveras were all last among league regulars at their positions, and as a team the Pirates were last, too. Ott says, "We don't have to be better defensively than Philadelphia, but we do need to be better than we were last year."

Improved defense would make a good pitching staff even better. The best starter is John Candelaria, who was bothered by physical and domestic ills last year and wound up with a disappointing 12-11 record. Now that he is healthy and remarried, he says, "I'm happier. I feel free again."

Bert Blyleven's problem is more difficult to pinpoint. Although his 14-10 record was respectable enough, he fell short of expectations as he has throughout his nine seasons in the majors. Blyleven's career ERA is 2.81, but his annual won-lost record averages little more than one game over .500. Blyleven must learn that he cannot just pitch well; he has to pitch well enough to win.

The Pirates' most effective pitchers last year were rookie Don Robinson (14-6, 3.47) and reliever Kent Tekulve (8-7, 2.33 and 31 saves in 91 appearances). Tekulve's relief this year will come to Enrique Romo, who has had 26 saves and a winning record in two seasons with Seattle.

A major concern for Pittsburgh is the recovery of Second Baseman Rennie Stennett, whose injured right leg limited him to 106 games and a .243 average. A healthy Stennett would improve the Pirates' offense and help stabilize

continued



The Phillies' run for another Eastern title may have been derailed when Larry Christensen, the No. 2 man in their rotation, fell while bicycling over a grade crossing and broke his collarbone. Doctors say he'll be pitching by May 1. Manager Danny Ozark thinks it may be June or later.

their defense, not only at second base but also at third, because Garner would not have to switch from one position to the other, as he did in '78.

The Pirates want more punch from Centerfielder Omar Moreno; though he batted only .235, he stole 71 bases. During the off-season, former Manager Harry Walker gave Moreno some special instruction on how to take advantage of his speed by beating the ball into the ground and hitting to the opposite field.

Most of Pittsburgh's wallow in 1978 was provided by Most Valuable Player Dave Parker, who hit .334 with 30 homers and 117 RBIs, and Comeback Player of the Year Willie Stargell (.295, 28, 97). Parker is fully capable of repeating his performance, but the 38-year-old Stargell may have more trouble.

The Pirates believe they will win if they can avoid another bad start. Last year they were fourth, 11½ games behind, before they mounted a stirring comeback on Aug. 12. "When we were eliminated on the next-to-last day I had tears in my eyes," says Stargell. "But not because we lost. They were tears of joy because we never quit. This season we can't let ourselves fall so far behind. We need the frame of mind that we had the last month and a half."

While Philadelphia and Pittsburgh tangle for the top, the rest of the division's teams will be struggling to be No. 3. Because Montreal has finished sixth, fifth and fourth the last three years, it is reasonable to pick the Expos for third. Manager Dick Williams believes his team helped itself greatly in the off-season with the addition of reliever Elias Sosa from Oakland, backup Catcher Duffy Dyer from Pittsburgh and infield reserves Tony Solaita from California and Rodney Scott from the Cubs. What the Expos need most, however, is a bit more determination. They led the league with 36 one-run losses.

Williams likes his everyday lineup the way it is, but he thinks he can get more from it by giving Catcher Gary Carter, who was behind the plate for 152 games last year, more rest. Williams also is moving Centerfielder Andre Dawson to the top of the batting order. Dawson hit .282 while winning the '77 Rookie of the Year award, but he fell to .253 last season and struck out 128 times. The change from a lower spot in the order should oblige him to be more selective.

Pitcher Ross Grimsley, who was 20-11, believes the Expos are as good as his former Baltimore team. "The difference is the Orioles knew how to win, and this team is still learning," he says. Another difference is pitching, although the Expos will be much better if accomplished right-hander Steve Rogers fully recovers from last season's elbow chips and Scott Sanderson is as good as he seemed to be while winning four straight in September.

The St. Louis Cardinals were an absolute horror last season, finishing in fifth place with their worst percentage (.426)

since 1924. The front office was so certain that the figure was a fluke that it did not make a single change in the starting lineup. According to Manager Ken Boyer, all the Cardinals want is for the players to do as well this season as they did poorly last year. "This is the nucleus of a heck of a club," he says. "We should win at least half our games by everyone having his normal season."

Last year better not have been normal. The Cardinals were ninth in hitting, 11th in scoring and particularly harmless against lefthanders. The pitchers ranked seventh and contributed greatly to their own undoing by finishing near the top in balks, walks, wild pitches and hit batters. "The hell with last year," says Pitcher Pete Vuckovich, one of the few who did well. "Let the dead lie."

Chicago may have been third in the East, but the Cubs were not in the same league with Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, having lost 25 of 36 games to their two top rivals. The Cubs led the league in hitting (.264), but the hits did so little damage they were fifth in scoring. The offense will be more productive this year if First Baseman Bill Buckner (.323) and Leftfielder Dave Kingman, who hit .266 with 28 homers and 79 RBIs, can put in full seasons. Buckner should be better because he is healthier, and Kingman should be better because he is smarter. Kong cut down on his strikeouts and reached a career high in batting average, mainly because late in the season he finally started to hit outside pitches to rightfield.

The Cubs picked up three potential regulars in the deal that sent Trillo and reserve Outfielder Greg Gross to Philadelphia. They are Second Baseman Ted Sizemore, Outfielder Jerry Martin and Catcher Barry Foote. After hitting .219 in '78, Sizemore must prove he can still play, and the other two, who have been subs throughout their big league careers, must show they can play every day. If they can, the trade will be a big plus for Chicago.

Pitching is the Cubs' biggest problem. Chicago ranked 11th in ERA with an unsavory 4.05, and Mike Krukow (9-3) was the only starter with a winning record. Unfortunately, everybody is back.

According to General Manager Joe McDonald, the New York Mets are "one year older and one year better." It is going to take more than such platitudes for the Mets to escape the cellar. New York was 11th in hitting and 10th in pitching in the league, and in the majors only second-year teams Seattle and Toronto had worse records. In an attempt to produce more offense, the front office acquired Hebner from Philadelphia to play third base and Manager Joe Torre is giving rookie Kelvin Chapman and erstwhile utility man Joel Youngblood shots at second base and rightfield, respectively.

The Mets' hopes lie with the continued development of a still-young lineup, but no significant moves were made in the off-season to take care of immediate needs: depth in the starting rotation and, most glaringly for a team that lost 35 of 62 one-run games, relief pitching.

—LARRY KEITH

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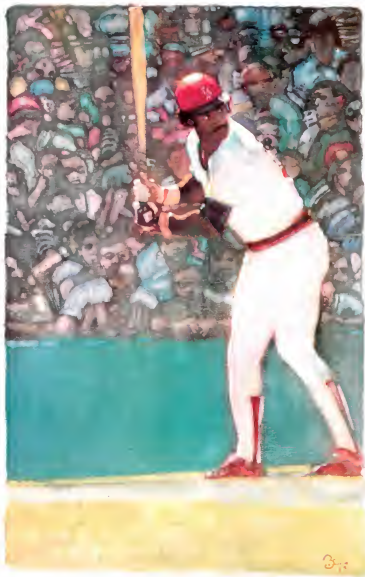
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AN ULTRA STRONG SILENT TYPE

by RON FIMRITE

Boston's Jim Rice, whose 46 home runs and 139 RBIs led the majors last year, is another of the new millionaires, but it is best not to question him about it

The blessing fell with heavy irony on the lowered heads of the gentlemen from the Southern Bank & Trust Company of Greenville, S.C. "We are fortunate to have Jim Rice with us here today," the minister advised 250 diners at the Charleston Chamber of Commerce's Red Carpet Breakfast Meeting, "through the courtesy of Southern Bank & Trust." Only the blushing bankers knew at that moment just how unfortunate the chamber folks really were, because there would be no Rice at breakfast this day.

That melancholy intelligence had been conveyed to them the night before, smack in the middle of an impromptu party in the suite of Board Chairman Sam Hunt at the Kiawah Island Inn outside Charleston. They had been having a high time of it until then. Thomas (Nap) Vandiver, their fun-loving board chairman emeritus and spiritual leader, had been singing basso profundo and recounting convoluted anecdotes about his undergraduate years at The Citadel, while outside, the thumping January surf played timpani to the trumpeting laughter. They thought that Rice, the American League's Most Valuable Player and part-time Southern Bank public-relations man, would soon be with them to help out with a series of promotional events, the breakfast included. Then, just when the party was getting a glow on, the telephone rang.

Senior Vice-President Phil Souther-

land, hair slightly ruffled, spectacles fastened to the tip of his nose, answered. His countenance went slack. Rice, he was told, had that day signed a seven-year contract with the Red Sox worth approximately \$5.4 million. Because of this epochal transaction, Rice could not get out of Boston that night and would not be in Carolina in the morning. Southern Bank this year is paying Rice \$25,000 for his P.R. work, so the economic priorities were obvious enough, but the fact remained that the bankers were left holding, as it were, the bag.

"What'll we do at the chamber breakfast tomorrow?" a crestfallen Hunt asked Southerland.

"Maybe," the senior veep replied, "we could have Nap sing *Amazing Grace*."

As it developed, there was no need for that appalling alternative. Rice was not around for Jim Rice Day in Charleston, but the locals were able to hear his views expressed secondhand via a telephone-loudspeaker hookup with Tony Pennacchia, the slugger's attorney, agent, golfing buddy and, on this occasion, mouthpiece. "Tony, you're talking to about 250-300 people here in Charleston, South Carolina," Southerland began uncomfortably. "And you," replied Pennacchia, "are talking to a little Italian lawyer from Providence, Rhode Island."

It was a piece of cake from then on. Rice, tired but dead game, arrived later that afternoon, in time to play a few holes of golf with bank customers and to appear that evening at a dinner for bank directors. The golf was highlighted by some heroic Rice teeshots that flew off into distant treetops and various bodies of water thereabouts. At the banquet, the subject was, not unexpectedly, filthy lucre. For all of his protestations to the contrary, Rice is keenly interested in the stuff; in the company of men whose business is money, he was in his element. As a native South Carolinian, he was also on his home turf. Rice has a cannonade ora-

continued

Along with leading in homers and RBIs, Rice topped the big leagues with 213 hits, a .600 slugging percentage, 406 total bases—which were the most in 30 years—and 15 triples, a big number for a player who's not usually fleet

torical style, the words exploding in salvos. He is not always easy to follow, but he was in good form this night, although his attachment to the archaic suffix "wise" bordered on an addiction. The "wises" tumbled forth from him in amazing profusion—executivewise, salarywise, residencewise, investmentwise. . . . He was a replica, languagewise, of a 1960s advertising executive.

The bankers drank in the wises and the wisdom. Of his new riches, Rice remarked, "If someone gives you X amount of dollars, are you going to say, 'No, I don't want it'? This is the thing a player looks forward to—security. . . . It's not how much you make; it's how much you can keep for yourself. Instead of spending two pennies, I'm trying to save four. If I had gone to free agency, I could have made more, but I went this way because it's better for me and my family. And at age 32 [which is when his new contract expires], I can go through it all over again. Anytime you can get a contract the way you want it, you'd better take it."

Rice explained why he felt an obligation to come all the way down to South Carolina when his principal business that week was in Boston. "I have a contract with Southern Bank. I have an obligation to it. When I sign something, I live up to it."

This last declaration of loyalty moved a bank director, H. C. (Bunt) Fisk, to rise to his feet and, in a voice fairly quivering with emotion, inquire, "Jim, do you sense something here tonight? I do. I don't think you sense envy. I don't. I feel a sense of admiration."

The breakfast aside, Rice had on this important day of his life fulfilled an obligation to his banking friends. He had rescued these merry and decent men from a potentially embarrassing dilemma and established himself in their minds as not just a superb ballplayer but as a man of honor. The next day he would not do himself quite so proud.

For reasons not entirely clear, even to Rice himself, he has an unfortunate penchant for being rude and unpleasant to newspaper reporters and even, heaven forfend, to television interviewers. He obviously subscribes to the dictum, memorably advanced by the late Humphrey Bogart, that all a performer owes his public is a good performance. On the afternoon following his banquet speech, Rice represented the bank at the opening of a new branch in Charleston. A press con-

ference had been called for the occasion, and the first reporter to arrive was Jim Laise of the *Charleston News and Courier*. Laise is 25, only three years out of West Virginia University, and was preppy-looking this day in a dark wool sweater and white shirt. The assignment did not seem especially difficult because Rice, whose home is only a few hundred miles from Charleston, in Anderson, is virtually a local boy. Rice was signing baseballs in the office of branch manager Rick Hawkins when Laise strolled confidently in, notebook in hand.

"May we talk now?" he began. Stony silence.

"I've heard that you're a very private person, Jim," Laise said, persevering. "Just how important is your privacy to you?"

Rice considered this inquiry for an agonizing moment and then snapped, "Privacy is important to everyone. People say you owe the public this or that. You don't owe the public anything. Of course, it doesn't hurt to go out and be nice to people, give them respect. If he treats you good, are you gonna treat him bad?"

Laise suggested that as a famous ballplayer, Rice was, like it or not, in the public eye. Did he not owe people something of himself? "My name is nothing," was the clipped reply. "You're paid by your credentials. My statistics show I deserve what I'm getting. What am I supposed to do, say, 'No, I'm not worth it. Take it back.' Would you?"

Laise allowed as how he certainly would not reject \$4 million dollars, or even \$4 dollars, but his mild jest did not serve, as surely Laise hoped it would, to loosen up the dour Rice. The interview continued in this adversarial vein for 20 minutes, with Rice responding to even the most innocuous questions as if they were accusations of wrongdoing.

"You seem pretty abrasive," Laise finally ventured. "If this job didn't mean so much to me, I wouldn't be here."

"Right, but you're doing this on my time," Rice said. "If this wasn't for the bank, I wouldn't be here either."

But wouldn't the bank prefer him to be more cooperative with the press, because he is their representative?

"If more people were more direct," this would be a better world," said Rice. "Too many people want to play games,

beat you around the bush. When I dislike someone, I tell them. But I always tell them why. If you give a reason, then maybe people will say, 'Hey, maybe he's right. Maybe I was wrong.' Now take you; you started off bad by asking me the same old thing about \$5.4 million. . . ."

"But . . . it's news."

"Tell me, what do you do with people you don't like?"

"I avoid them," said Laise, folding his notebook.

After this contentious interview, Rice signed autographs and chatted with local youngsters for two hours. He was unfailingly polite, if not exactly ebullient.

A few weeks later, in Boston, Ken Harrelson, the former slugger who is now a Red Sox broadcaster, discussed his friend and golfing partner, Rice. "Jimmy is almost too good to be true," said Harrelson. "He's a kind of Frank Merriwell. I have a 12-year-old son, and I just hope he can grow up to be the person Jim Rice is. Jimmy is such a good kid—except for this one thing with the press. If he could only cultivate or even tolerate the media better. He's so thoughtful with everybody but writers. As a former player, I know what the media can do for you. The press made a personality out of me. If only Jimmy could portray himself to the writers the way he really is, if he could only get that charisma across."

"Jimmy has a smile that will make you melt," says Pennacchia, a short, glib man of 34, "and a frown that will make you cringe. Deep down he's a real nice kid. But what have you got here? You've got a 26-year-old, a black, from South Carolina, who finds himself in the intellectual capital of the world. He's aware of his shortcomings. He'll get older, more mature, better with the press."

Rice complains that he was misrepresented last year in a *Sport* magazine article that had him charging the Red Sox with racism. But he is equally testy about more trivial transgressions and, in fact, does not even tolerate criticism, justified or not, of his teammates. He sometimes overreacts, says Harrelson, because of his sensitive, perceptive nature. These traits, Harrelson concedes, are not always immediately apparent. "It's like you're going into a bar looking for some action," Harrelson said, roaming far afield for an analogy. "Well, the first thing that draws you to a lady is her physical attractiveness. With Jimmy, the first thing you notice is his great strength. Then,

after a while, if you talk to the lady and find she's not only pretty but smart, you've really got something. It's that way with Jimmy. Talk to him, and you find he's smarter than he is strong."

If that is so, then Rice should be on the faculty at MIT as well as a member of the Red Sox, because he is widely considered the strongest man in baseball. His majestic home runs are certainly a good measure of his power—one of his clouts last season departed Fenway and descended to the street an estimated 650 feet from home plate—but a swing he took several years ago in Detroit at a ball he did not hit may be an even more accurate gauge. Rice checked that hefty cut, and the bat came apart in his hands, as if he had smashed it against a concrete wall. On the golf course, where his drives are also legendary—former U.S. Open Champion Lou Graham says Rice hits longer than anyone on the pro tour—he has snapped at least three clubs on the downswing. Harrelson saw him do it with a Triple X (extra-stiff) shaft driver. "All he came down with was the grip," says Harrelson.

In baseball, according to Harrelson, "there are strong guys, real strong guys and ultrastrong guys—your Mantles and Frank Howards. I saw Howard hit a ball so hard the stitching just came undone. The ball looked like it was going 800 feet, but then it just stopped and fluttered to the ground. It just couldn't take it. Jimmy is in that category." In fact, when *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* recently polled baseball experts, asking them to choose between Pirate Dave Parker and Rice as the game's best player, a majority selected Parker, mainly because of his expertise as a fielder and his speed. Among those who picked Rice, his strength—his ability to drive the ball high and long—was usually the deciding factor in his favor.

At 6' 2", 205 pounds, Rice is not as imposing physically as those Brobdingnagians, Howard and Parker, but he has powerful arms and feline reflexes. His swing is swift and compact. He is among the most fearless as well as feared hitters in the game, because he will stand his ground against the fiercest brushback artist. For that matter, he may be at his most dangerous after being hit or threatened by a pitch. And, as his four-year major league batting average of .306 attests, he is not exclusively a power hater.

Rice and Pennacchia could not have continued

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IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

BASEBALL continued

picked a better time to renegotiate a contract than at the conclusion of last season. Rice led the major leagues with 213 hits, 46 homers, 139 runs batted in, 15 triples and a slugging percentage of .600. With 406 total bases, he became the first American Leaguer to have more than 400 since Joe DiMaggio in 1937. He became the first hitter in either league to have the outright lead in homers, triples and RBIs in the same season. Thirty of his homers either tied games or gave the Red Sox the lead, and he had 21 game-winning RBIs. He batted .315 for the season and .339 with men on base. He set Red Sox records for total bases, in bats and games played, appearing in all 163. He easily won the league's MVP award over the Yankees' Ron Guidry, whose 25-3 pitching record would have won for him in most seasons. If ever a player had cause to argue for a raise, Rice did in 1978.

Actually, Pennacchia first approached the Red Sox in the autumn of 1977 about adjusting Rice's old contract, which paid him about \$125,000 for 1978 and would have expired after the 1980 season, when Rice will be only 27. As negotiations intensified last season, there was some question if the new owners—Tom Yawkey's widow Jean, Haywood Sullivan and Buddy LeRoux—could even afford a player of Rice's then inestimable worth. But money apparently never was a serious obstacle in the prolonged negotiations. Not that it didn't come up. "The figures went anywhere from many, many millions to only a few, and the length of the contract from 12 years to three," says Sullivan. "We could afford the man, and Jim is not the type who wants to make one dollar more than the next highest player. Frankly, you like to take care of your own. This organization has always had a player the fans could identify with, a Williams or a Yaz, and now Jim is the key to our club."

With Rice's signature safely on the contract, Sullivan feels free to boast openly about his most expensive property. "Jim Rice has unlimited potential," he says. "Even Ted Williams is in awe of him." Sullivan's encomiums extend to Rice's rarely exercised defensive skills. "Jim can do the job in the outfield, a damn good job. He just hasn't been able to get rid of that stigma that he's a lousy outfielder. The fact is, with Carl Yastrzemski, Fred Lynn and Dwight Evans, we have three great defensive outfielders. It's tough to break in there." As a result,

Rice's principal position has been designated hitter. He plays it with minimal complaint, because, as Sox Manager Don Zimmer has said of him, "He's a manager's player." But team insiders expect Rice to play more in leftfield and Yaz more at first base this season. Like most DHs, Rice feels he has better when playing both ways, and if that is true, then his prospects are awesome. And it is significant that in his rookie season, 1975, he played 90 games in the outfield and committed no errors.

To be sure, fielding averages—even Rice's lofty 1.000 in '75—can be misleading. Exceptional defensive players will often commit more errors than poor fielders, because the better players reach more balls and dare to try more difficult plays. But Rice's tours of duty in the outfield have shown that he is no butcher. In fact, he may be somewhat better than average. Although his range and arm are limited, he catches virtually every ball he gets to and has shown surprising dedication—considering that he is only a part-time fielder—in working on his fielding. This would seem to make him an ideal man to play the compact leftfield in Fenway Park, the position he will sooner or later inherit from Yaz. The main requirement of that job is a mastery of playing balls off the wall, and sure-handedness and diligence would appear to be just the attributes needed to attain that proficiency. It would not be at all surprising if, when Rice's current contract comes up for renewal in 1985, he were able to argue that he, like his predecessors Williams and Yaz, is a substantial defensive asset because of his ability to play the Green Monster.

As for his future off the field, "There is no reason why Jim shouldn't be financially secure for the rest of his life," says Pennacchia. "If he's not, it'll be either his fault or mine, mainly mine, because he's such a conservative kid. He's a penny pincher. The only way he's extravagant is with clothes and cars. And that figures, because he never had much of those when he was a kid."

James Edward Rice was the fourth of nine children. His father Roger was a supervisor for the True Temper Company, and Jim, or Ed, as he was then called, lived only 100 yards from a playground. He was an all-sports star, first at West-side High and then at Hanna. He was also president of the black student body at Hanna, an integrated high school. "We

continued



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had no trouble with integration," Rice says defiantly. "The North had all the trouble."

Rice signed with the Red Sox after graduation in June of 1971 and was married the next year to Corine Gilliard, a girl he knew at Westside High. They have an infant son with the distinctly Bostonian name of Chauncy. Although they live in Anderson during the off-season, Boston suits the Rices well. "It's a clean city," says Rice, "and it has history, food and fashion." Conne has been attending junior college classes, and Rice, too, has sought counsel toward improving his verbal and accounting skills. "You have to learn how to talk," he says, "and find out what money can do for you."

At its 40th annual dinner on Jan. 25, the Boston chapter of the Baseball Writers Association honored Rice as the Red Sox' Most Valuable Player. He sat at the head table, a handsome, mustachioed figure in a pearl-gray suit with wide lapels, listening attentively to countless speeches and the presentations of numberless awards. Among those honored was Willie Mays, elected that week to the Hall of Fame. Mays said he regretted calling himself "the greatest player I ever saw," after he had heard of his election to the Hall, but still believed that to be true.

Then, "If there is a fellow in our midst who can achieve what Willie Mays did," said master of ceremonies Dick Stockton, "it's Jim Rice." A short film was shown of Rice hitting homers and making diving catches, and then Larry Whiteside, chairman of the Boston chapter, introduced the guest of honor. Whiteside wryly observed that he and Rice arrived in New England about the same time. "Now he's got about five million, and I get to cover the Celtics." He looked down the long table at an impassive Rice. "Jim sometimes gets a little mad at us," he continued, "but no member of the press can ever break him. I give you Jim Rice!"

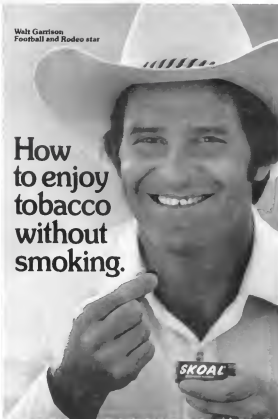
The writers and their guests rose to applaud him. Rice seemed almost embarrassed. Had Whiteside's words worked as a peace offering between the player and his chroniclers? Rice leaned forward and, unsmiling, began his acceptance speech: "Even though I give writers a bad time, the only reason is that they come to Jim Rice to talk about everything but baseball—my love life or whatever... Now you talk to me about baseball. I'll talk to you like a man."

These things take time

CONTINUED

Walt Garrison
Football and Rodeo star

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AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEST

It has become familiar enough to qualify as ritual. For three seasons now the American League West has served as Kansas City's freeway to the playoffs. And for more than two years California and Texas have each bought and sold and traded players in an effort to fashion a club strong enough to beat the Royals. After finishing in a tie for second place, five games back, the two were at it again this winter—buying and trading in pursuit of a title. All of which recognizes a central fact about the division. With balance, speed, hitting, pitching, power and depth, Kansas City is not being counted on to falter on its own; to beat the Royals, Texas or California must first catch them.

The Rangers thought last April that, with the addition of Richie Zisk, Bobby Bonds and Al Oliver to their lineup, they had a winner. "There was a lot of talk about how we were going to walk away with the division," says Zisk. But following a horrendous 10-20 July, in which they were in first place by a percentage point on the 1st and 10 games behind on the 31st, the Rangers never got close. Their infield, originally suspected of being a bit leaky, turned out to be a colander. "We made 116 errors in the infield alone," says Manager Pat Corrales. "If you're going to compete for the division title, you can't make that many errors. I dream about it at night."

Third base, as usual, was a carousel. Texas has had 29 third basemen in its seven-year history, and last year six men tried their thumbs at it. Together they committed 30 errors, including 15 in 49 games by Kurt Bevacqua and five in 25 games by John Lowenstein. To their left, Bert Campaneris had 20 errors at short; Campaneris' sub, Jim Mason, had eight in only 42 games. "It was unbelievable," says owner Brad Corbett. To remedy the situation, Corbett has traded Toby Harrah for Cleveland's disenchanted Buddy Bell, a .282 hitter, thereby getting not only a solid batter

but also an accomplished third baseman. This spring the Rangers unveiled a rangy, quick-handed rookie shortstop in Nelson Norman, who has been playing to raves. "Nelson is another Mark Belanger," says former Texas Manager Billy Hunter. Now all that is needed to solidify the infield is a first baseman. Texas had one in Mike Hargrove, but Corbett shipped him to San Diego for DH Oscar Gamble. Ranger DHs hit .231 last year, second lowest in the league. Obviously, Texas is hoping that Gamble will produce as he did with the White Sox in 1977, when he hit .297 with 31 home runs and 83 RBIs. First base has gone by default to 196-hitter Mike Jorgensen.

The Rangers' starting rotation in '78 was among the best in baseball—its 3.36 ERA was second only to the Yankees—but there was precious little in the way of relief. "Twenty-six times we had the lead from the seventh inning on and couldn't hold it," Corrales says. So Corbett made the bullpen a priority. He sent Bobby Bonds and his considerable bat and glove to Cleveland for righthander Jim Kern, whose 13-save performance was better than his 3.08 ERA suggests, and traded three young pitchers and Golden Glove Outfielder Juan Beniquez to the Yankees for 1977 Cy Young winner Sparky Lyle. Lyle and Kern should provide ample late-inning succor for Jon Matlack (15-13), Fergie Jenkins (18-8), the sensational youngster Steve Coner (11-5) and Dock Ellis (9-7). Corrales will have .324-hitter Al Oliver in center; Zisk, who had 22 homers, in right; and the platoon of John Grubbs and rookie Bill Sample, a fine hitter—.352 at Tucson—with a shaky glove, in left.

On balance, the Rangers see themselves renewed. "We've got a better club than we had last year," says Zisk.

So does California. The Angels were able to get Rod Carew without hurting themselves unduly: they gave up 6-10 Pitcher Paul Hartzell, 223-hitter Ken Landreaux and a couple of minor league players for the seven-time batting champion. The Angels are counting on Carew's bat (his career average is .334) and running the had 27 stolen bases in '78 to ignite them. "Hitting's contagious," Manager Jim Fregosi says. As the third man in the lineup, Carew will bat directly behind last year's rookie phenom, Third Baseman Carney Lansford (.294), and in front of DH Don Baylor (34 homers, 99 RBIs) and Leftfielder Joe Rudi. The Angels also managed to fill the void in right created by the death of Lyman Bostock by obtaining the Twins' Dan Ford, a better fielder than Bostock and a .274 hitter a year ago, in exchange for surplus players.

Not that the Angels, having signed Carew, are suddenly without shortcomings. Frank Tanana, who was 18-12, became so arm-weary by the end of last season that he couldn't bust a fastball. Nolan Ryan's ailments—a pulled left hamstring and a rib separation—were reflected in his 10-13 record. Ryan can still throw smoke—he led the league in strikeouts again with 260—but he is 32 and a lot of baseball men are wondering how much longer he can endure the rigors of throwing at 100 mph. Nevertheless, Ryan and Tanana



Tanana and Ryan, two days of crying, used to be the Angel saying, but now that pitchers Frank Tanana (right) and Nolan Ryan are coming off a season in which their combined record was only 26-25, California fans fear every day could be tearful in the Angels' latest run at K.C.

are California's aces. Beyond them are simply more questions. Don Aase, highly regarded not long ago, was a disappointment with a 4.02 ERA and 11-8 record. Chris Knapp, another young man with promise, walked out on the Angels during a contract dispute. Knapp was 10-6 when he skipped on July 8. He returned on July 31, having missed five starts, and was only 4-2 thereafter. "I left the team because I thought it was what I had to do," says the inscrutable Knapp, "and I came back because I wanted to."

The Angels' bulwark against all of this uncertainty is Dave LaRoche, a lefthanded reliever whose 25 saves in 59 appearances put him second in the league to the Yankees' Rich Gossage. LaRoche certainly will not find himself idle this year, but he should get a moment or two of rest now that former Giant Jim Barr, a solid spot starter and reliever, and rookie Mark Clear, who had 13 saves and a 2.42 ERA with El Paso, have joined the staff.

While California's starting rotation is perhaps unstable, shortstop is definitely in disarray. Rance Mulliniks was sup-

posed to take over the position a year ago, but he hit only .185 in his first 50 games and was dispatched to Salt Lake City. He hit .307 in 34 games there, and the Angels are giving him another look. It may have to be a long one, no matter what Mulliniks does, because there are no other worthy challengers for the job.

If the Rangers or Angels ever had a chance to beat the Royals, it was last year, because Kansas City had unusually crippling problems in '78. The Royals won in spite of them as Manager Whitey Herzog repeatedly drew upon his deep, flexible bench to spell the injured regulars. And it is this well of talent that again should give the Royals the edge over their two persistent and free-spending challengers. The club's three leading hitters in 1977, Al Cowens, George Brett and Hal McRae, scored 75 fewer runs and had 95 fewer RBIs in 1978. Cowens, whose average dropped 38 points to .274 while his runs batted in fell to 63 from 112, was out a month with a sprained knee ligament. Brett, subpar at .294, missed a month with a severe shoulder bruise and a sore thumb. McRae, who had averaged .311 in four seasons at K.C., was hampered throughout the season by a torn rotator cuff in his right shoulder and finished at .273. Fred Patek also had a sore shoulder and made 32 errors at shortstop. Second Baseman Frank White was out three weeks with a strained shoulder. Filling in with rookies and journeymen, notably Pete LaCock, who platooned at first base and batted .295, the Royals still hit .268, the third-highest team average in the league, and continued to run wild. Kansas City was the only American League club to steal more than 200 bases.

The injured are all expected back at or near full strength this season. Cowens hit .300 following his return to the lineup, while McRae and Brett underwent surgery this winter. Both missed most of spring training, but Herzog anticipates they will be ready on Opening Day.

The Royals' pitching also helped them overcome their injuries. "That's been the strength of my team the last two years," Herzog says. K.C. had the third-lowest ERA in the league and could be even tougher to score on in '79. Dennis Leonard, pitching as if he were intent on returning to Triple A, got off to a 3-8 start, but he was 18-9 thereafter. Paul Splittorff (19-13) was steady, as usual, and 31-year-old Larry Gura won 16 of 20 decisions and seems to be improving with age. Rich Gale began his rookie season with a 13-3 rush before dipping off to 14-8. He figures to be as strong as he was at the start of last season, now that surgery has corrected a minor muscle imbalance in his right arm. Equally encouraging this spring has been the apparent return to form of Steve Busby, a 22-game winner for the Royals in 1974, who underwent surgery for a torn rotator cuff in 1976 and has not pitched well since. "The arm feels super," Busby says. "Best it's felt in four years."

Only the bullpen seems a weak spot for Kansas City. Doug Bird, effective in 1977, collapsed last season, finishing with a 5.29 ERA and one save. He must recover if Al

continued

Hrabosky, who had 20 saves in '78, is to get many days off.

Since the advent of free-agency, Minnesota and Oakland have lost talent whose combined worth probably would be enough to buy either—or, perhaps, both—of the franchises. But while the A's will be hapless, at best, the Twins have managed to stay moderately respectable. Though their lineup is depleted of the topflight hitters that were once a Minnesota trademark, the Twins can still bring rivals to grief because of a pitching staff that may turn out to be envied in Anaheim. In 15-game winner Dave Goltz they have one of baseball's best pitchers; Geoff Zahn, a victor 14 times, is almost as tough. "This is as good a pitching staff as I have had in five years," says Manager Gene Mauch. Minnesota traded for former Met Jerry Koosman, 35, hoping there is still life in a left arm that won only three times in '78, and last season the Twins came up with a good rookie in righthander Roger Erickson (14-13). The revived Mike Marshall, who came out of semiretirement last May 15 to rack up 21 saves, will back the starting talent with his inexhaustible bullpen work.

But because of their weak hitting the Twins will not win all that often. The best of the holdovers is Shortstop Roy Smalley, who had only 160 hits, 80 runs, 31 doubles, 19 homers and 77 RBIs. Ron Jackson, a .297 hitter obtained from California, should help a bit, but not enough.

The White Sox finished fifth in the division, 20½ games behind the Royals, and there is no reason to believe they will improve. Starting pitchers Steve Stone and Wilbur Wood became free agents, making Ken Krayes and Francisco Barrios the aces. They won only 20 games between them last year. The Sox finished 10th in the league defensively and were 10th in stolen bases, too. Among the hitters, only Chet Lemon, the good young centerfielder, is coming off a notable performance. He hit .300. No wonder Player-Manager Don Kessinger has already conceded the division's top three places to Kansas City, Texas and California.

Oakland continues to flounder, but the A's had their moments last year. They started out hot, actually holding the lead as late as July 5, before spending the last two months in a 14-42 slump. Oakland's pitching isn't bad—John Johnson, Matt Keough and Rick Langford are all relatively young, and each had an earned run average of less than 3.43—but the weaknesses at bat seem insurmountable. The A's finished last in the league in hitting, total bases, hits, RBIs and runs. What offense there was came almost entirely from Mitchell Page, who hit .285 with 17 homers and 70 runs batted in. Dave Revering (.274, 16, 46) and Mario Guerrero (.275). True, attendance climbed, but only by 31,400, to 526,999, and the franchise is still awash. And for sale. Considering the players on hand, the \$11 million price is no bargain.

Seattle, which finished 35 games back, had the worst record in the league, and the Mariners' attendance dipped almost \$600,000 from the giddy expansion-year heights of 1977. But Manager Darrell Johnson says he detects some stirring,

particularly by young pitchers Floyd Bannister, Odell Jones and Byron McLaughlin. "Our biggest potential improvement is in our pitching staff," Johnson says. "With these three guys, at least we have some people who can pop the dang ball. There's no way we can be as bad as we were last year." And no way they can be much better, either, even if Outfielder Leon Roberts' surprising performance of '78—he hit .301 with 22 home runs and 92 RBIs—doesn't turn out to have been a fluke.

—WILLIAM NACK

THE EAST

Here they come, streaking out of history: the 1977 Reds, the 1973 Pirates, the 1965, 1959 and 1954 Yankees, the 1954 Dodgers, the 1925 Giants, the 1917 Red Sox, the 1910 Tigers, the 1909 Cubs. These teams had much in common. They had won two or more consecutive world championships. They looked unbeatable. And they were beaten. The 1979 Yankees could join this list. They have won three straight pennants and the last two World Series. By adding free-agent pitchers Tommy John and Luis Tiant, they have become prohibitive favorites to win the division championship again. But—oh, yes—they can be beaten.

No, not by further disarray in the clubhouse, now that Bob Lemon is firmly implanted in the manager's office. Billy Martin is gone, at least until next spring and perhaps forever, and so are his penchant for combat with George Steinbrenner and Reggie Jackson and his tendency to make large problems out of small ones. No, the Yankees' real troubles are baseball troubles.

The importance of free agents in New York's success has been overrated. In 1976 the Yankees won the division by 10½ games. The next season they added free-agents Reggie Jackson and Don Gullett and won on the next-to-last day. In 1978, after Goose Gosage and Rawly Eastwick joined the club, they won on the day after the season was supposed to end. John, who was 17-10 at Los Angeles, and Tiant, a 13-game winner for Boston, will actually create a pitching glut. Ed Figueroa (20-9) pitches best every fourth day, but in a five-man rotation he won't be used that often. Scratch three to five wins. Ron Guidry likes four days' rest, but no one, least of all Guidry, expects him to match his performance of last year, when he was 25-3 with a 1.74 ERA, the best pitching record of modern times. Scratch another three to five wins. Tiant, 38, and Catfish Hunter, 33, have been iffy performers for a couple of years. The 35-year-old John, however, could thrive in Yankee Stadium. He is a lefty, and his sinkers will create lots of ground balls for New York's fine infielders to gobble up. Normally, John throws too hard in spring training and his pitches rise. As for Yankee-haters, he has been on target since early March. The sixth possible starter is last fall's hero, Jim Beattie. Gullett could miss the entire season with his badly damaged shoulder. Oddly, another injury or two might be just what the Yankees need to straighten out their rotation

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The same cannot be said of the bullpen. There is no sure replacement for the traded Sparky Lyle as the lefthanded short man, though inexperienced Paul Mirabella may be given a crack at the job. Thus the burden may be heavier than ever on Gossage, who had 27 saves in '78.

There are problems in the field, too. Leftfielder Roy White seems to hit .280 and play good pressure baseball when he's allowed to, but inexplicably Steinbrenner is forever seeking to replace him. The latest heir apparent is former Ranger Juan Benazquez, a player of questionable durability. In a brighter move, Steinbrenner acceded to Jackson's request to become the mainstay in right. Say what you will about his regular-season fielding, Jackson has been the Most Valuable Player in two World Series and has a championship ring for every finger on his left hand. "I hit 27 homers, and I didn't play that much when Martin was here," Jackson says. "I'll get 40." Jackson's erstwhile replacement in right, Lou Piniella, will be the full-time designated hitter. Centerfielder Mickey Rivers will continue to spark the offense at leadoff, and the infield of 90-RBI-man Chris Chambliss at first, Willie Randolph at second, Series star Bucky Dent at short and Graig Nettles, who hit 27 homers, at third, is outstanding defensively. In addition, the Yankees have more depth than any team in baseball.

Even so, an injury to Guidry, Gossage, Nettles or Rivers would be costly. And Catcher Thurman Munson showed dubious wisdom in waiting until January to have a shoulder operation. Experts say his throwing arm won't be at full strength until May, and his is the only position outside the bullpen where the Yanks are not blessed with depth. A final thought: 15 players on New York's roster are 30 or older, so don't count the Yankees in. Last we forget, this is much the same team that somehow managed to get 13½ games behind Boston last July.

And lest we forget, the Red Sox won 12 of their last 14 games. Nonetheless, it was a long winter in Boston. Tiant took the shuttle to New York, and another starting pitcher, Smokin' Bill Lee, was traded to Montreal. The departure of Tiant and Lee leaves Boston with 1½ starters: 20-game winner Dennis Eckersley, who is good for a full season, and Mike Torrez (16-13), who traditionally has been good for half a year. The third man in the starting rotation will be Bob Stanley, who was 13-2 with 10 saves in relief. Much is expected of him. The rest of the rotation will be selected from among free-agent Steve Renko, who was 6-12 at Oakland, Jim Wright, who had an 8-4 record but was a bust for Boston in September; rookie Chuck Rainey; and Andy Hassler, a three-game winner with the Royals and Sox. Boston's only experienced lefthander, Hassler sliced up his pitching hand in fishing accidents in '77 and '78 and, as a result, lost the ability to throw an effective slider, a shortcoming he hopes off-season surgery has eliminated. Watch that postoperative slider, Hub fans, and pray. While you're at it, say a few litanies for the relievers. Tom Burgmeier and Dick Drago had all of 11 saves between them in '78.



Sore-armed Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk rode the bench this spring. If he stays put much longer, Boston's hopes of beating New York will suffer. Fisk's substitutes are journeyman Bob Montgomery, good-hit, no-catch Gary Allen and good-catch, no-hit Mike O'Brien, both rookies.

The starting nine, when hale, is the league's best. Catcher Carlton Fisk hit .284 with 20 homers and 88 RBIs. First Baseman George Scott, Second Baseman Jerry Remy, Shortstop Rick Burleson and Third Baseman Butch Hobson are all good hitters and fielders. Outfielders Jim Rice, Carl Yastrzemski, Fred Lynn and Dwight Evans are the best aggregation anywhere. Lynn hits for average (.298) and with power (22 homers) and is a superb centerfielder, and Evans, a 24-home-run man, is the world's best rightfielder. MVP Rice and Yaz will alternate between left and DH. Overall, the regulars should be even better than in 1978. Burleson seems sure to improve on his 248 average, and now that the chips have been removed from his right elbow, Hobson will no longer lead third basemen with 43 errors, as he did last season when his throws were so erratic. And having reduced his bulk from 240 pounds to 215, Scott is pulling inside pitches for the first time in three years.

The Red Sox spring is always heavy with questions, but they usually have answers. Can a rookie make the team?

continued

Can a veteran come back? This March the questions were imponderable. Onetime bullpen ace Bill Campbell, who must be fully healthy to pitch, still has a mysterious shoulder ailment, and Fisk for some unknown reason could not straighten his right arm during much of spring training, a potentially disastrous problem the Boston brass blithely shrugs off by saying time cures all ills. Should Fisk miss a substantial portion of the season, the Red Sox will be left to ponder imponderables all year.

Even if Boston comes up ailing, the Yanks still won't win in a breeze. Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver says, "We've got the best pitching in the league, and I predict we'll hit more homers than the Yankees." An unlikely prediction? The record shows that in 1978 the Orioles out-homered the Yankees 154-125.

 Despite this small piece of news, Baltimore is generally perceived to be a pitching-and-defense team. Jim Palmer, who was 21-12, leads an outstanding rotation that also includes Mike Flanagan (19-15), Dennis Martinez (16-11), Scott McGregor (15-13) and free-agent Steve Stone, who somehow is 12-12 with the hapless White Sox. Don Stanhouse anchors a strong bullpen. As for the defense, the infield of Eddie Murray, Rich Dauer, Mark Belanger and much-improved Doug DeCinces committed only eight errors the last half of the season. What gets overlooked is power from such people as DH Lee May, Right-fielder Ken Singleton, DeCinces and Murray, who had 100 home runs among them. The Orioles' weaknesses are more subtle—a tendency toward slow starts, barely average team speed and weak defense in the outfield, where nine candidates battled this spring for jobs in left and center. How well Centerfielder Al Bumbry recovers from last season's broken leg and dislocated ankle could be telling.

It is no wonder Milwaukee led the majors in offense. The Brewers have four regular outfielders and five regular infielders, and all of them can hit. Ben Oglivie, a .303 batter with 18 homers and 72 RBIs, Larry Hise (.290, 34, 115), Gorman Thomas (.246, 32, 86) and Sixto Lezcano (.290, 15, 61) play anywhere in the outfield, and .293-hitter Don Money is a fixture anywhere in the infield. Paul Molitor and Robin Yount, who are interchangeable at short and second, hit .293 and .273, respectively, and Third Baseman Sal Bando (.285, 17, 78) can spell Cecil Cooper (.312) at first. The nine regulars should play 140 games apiece in the field and take turns being the DH. Ray Fosse, Buck Martinez and Charlie Moore are all adequate catchers.

But what gives Manager George Bamberger most hope for improvement on the Brewers' third-place finish in '78 is pitching. Led by 22-game-winner Mike Caldwell, 18-game-winner Lary Sorensen and Bill Travers, who won 12, Bamberger's young staff had 93 victories. Balanced against the fact that an inordinate number of Milwaukee players had good seasons is the addition of two pitchers, Moose Haas,

who has recovered from arm surgery, and free-agent Jim Stinton, who was 17-11 at Detroit. All Milwaukee lacks is a stopper in the bullpen.

Although Detroit was 86-76 last season, the Tigers finished fifth in baseball's toughest division. To try to move its young team upward, Detroit hired Les Moss as the replacement for retired Manager Ralph Houk. Moss has a classic managerial background. He was a catcher, a marginal major-leaguer and a minor league skipper for a dozen seasons. Many of the Tiger regulars played under him at Montgomery and Evansville. Two of them, Shortstop Alan Trammell, 21, and Second Baseman Lou Whitaker, 20, formed the league's best double-play combination as rookies. Aurelio Rodriguez is an excellent third baseman, and strapping First Baseman Jason Thompson is the only player to hit fair balls out of Tiger Stadium in this decade, and he has done it twice. Steve Kemp, Ron LeFlore and former Cardinal Jerry Morales are set in the outfield, especially LeFlore, who led the majors with 126 runs and the league with 68 stolen bases. Moss' only big move will be to use 22-year-old Lance Parrish as the regular catcher. Parrish hit 14 homers as a part-timer in '78, and his power should help balance out the loss of DH-Restaurateur Rusty Staub, who finds that baseball no longer suits his palate.

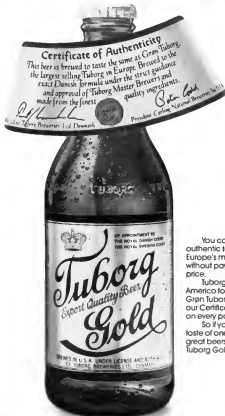
Repeating a baseball bromide, Moss says, "You can never have enough pitching." And, for sure, Moss doesn't have enough. Even if Mark Fidrych suddenly recovers from his long bout with tendinitis, Detroit appears to be one pitcher short of contention. The Tigers will have to rely heavily on young starters Kap Young, Milt Wilcox and Dave Rozema, who had a combined record of 28-31, to go with 36-year-old Jack Billingham (15-8).

In Rick Wise, Cleveland has one of only two active pitchers who have beaten every team in baseball (the other is Gaylord Perry). Alas, Wise, who was 9-19 last season, has also lost to every team in baseball, except Boston, and that makes him a classic member of the Cleveland staff, whose ERA was 11th in the American League. Indian pitching figures to be just as lackluster in '79, but the team should improve at bat, having picked up Toby Harrah and Bobby Bonds from Texas. Harrah and Bonds accounted for 43 homers and 74 stolen bases last season; the Indians had 106 and 64. "They give us punch and speed," says Manager Jeff Torborg. That's quite a change for the Indians, who heretofore were more like Punch and Judy.

That also describes Toronto, with its 28 stolen bases and 98 homers. If Alfredo Griffin, who swiped 35 in Triple A, beats out Luis Gomez at short, the Blue Jays will have more speed. Rico Carty and John Mayberry must supply virtually all the power. Carty also provides magic. Last season, when he hit 31 homers, he was acknowledged to be 38. He insists he is now 37. At this rate, someday he will be as young as strong-armed Catcher Rick Cerone (24) and promising starters Jim Cunniff (23), Tom Underwood (25) and Mark Lemongello (23).

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WHO KNOWS HOOPS? THE SHADOW KNOWS



PLAYING CARVER'S COACH, KEN HOWARD HAS AUTHENTICITY

This may prove to be more in the nature of an epitaph than an encomium. The *White Shadow*, CBS television's hour-long weekly series about a basketball team in a seedy ghetto high school, has recently fallen on hard times in the ratings. Given the programming turmoil created by network executives these days, the chances of *Shadow* surviving for another season appear pretty slim, although CBS insists the ax has not yet fallen and that there is real hope the show will be renewed.

It certainly should be. *Shadow* is the most authentic portrayal of sports through fiction that has come along on TV in memory. The rarity of such shows defies logic. Network TV covers real sports events consistently better, technically and esthetically, than it does anything else, with the occasional exception of major news events. Yet whenever a fictional sports program appears, you can be sure you'll see only the most foolish depiction, the kind of thing in which anyone who picks up a ball looks as if he were taught to throw by Noel Coward.

Shadow avoids this silliness. The star of the show, Ken Howard, 35, is a Yale School of Drama graduate and first-class stage actor (*Equus*, *Three Sisters*, 1979). He also stands 6'6" and happens to have been a star basketball player in 1962 at Manhasset High School on Long Island, New York. He was, indeed, nicknamed *White Shadow* be-

cause he was the only white player on the team's first five. In the TV series, Howard is an ex-NBA player of extreme mediocrity—he had a 6.6 scoring average over five years—who becomes the basketball coach at an inner-city high school called Carver.

As for authenticity, "Most people in show business say that it isn't necessary to worry about the specifics of basketball, that it's the relationship between characters that counts," Howard says. "Well, that's true in part,

but that is also the reason sport shows never work—because the sports are so ludicrous. On *Shadow*, we are adamant about details—even details that seem absolutely not to matter."

True enough. Bruce Paltrow, executive producer of *The White Shadow*, attended high school in Great Neck, not far from Manhasset, and clearly remembers Howard's team. "When we were discussing costumes," Paltrow says, "Ken and I said, 'Of course, our Carver High School uniforms have to be blue and orange.' The studio experts disagreed; too many visual problems with blue and orange. But we insisted. Those were the colors of both Manhasset and Great Neck in those days. That detail added just one more touch of reality that is important to us and the show."

Paltrow and Howard dreamed up the idea a couple of years ago and sold it to CBS last spring after a screening in which the audience of network executives reacted with unusual warmth. "They were all my friends," Paltrow says. CBS wanted to put it on at the start of the season in September—but as a half-hour program. "We said no way," says Howard. "They apparently have an absurd unwritten rule in TV that a program is either a drama or it is a comedy. It cannot be both. They told us only a drama can go for an hour, comedies go for half an hour. But our show won't be either one, so eventually I guess we just confused

them enough so they left it as an hour."

Shadow finally premiered late last November, at 8 o'clock on Monday nights. It was an immediate hit, climbing steadily in the ratings until it drew a splendid 33 share of the audience—an estimated 14.9 million households—in January and was ranked 17th among all programs. Then, showing abysmal judgment, CBS moved the program to Saturday night against such crenous smash hits as *Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island*. *Shadow* almost disappeared, falling to 53rd in the rankings. CBS recently returned it to the Monday night slot in hopes of reviving its former popularity. The show bounced back to a 26.5 share on March 19.

The concept of *Shadow* is more thoughtful than most other prime-time fare. "We felt that what was good about basketball was that it gave us some real action without violence," Howard says. "It got away from car crashes and shootings. The basketball games are our car crashes. And the basketball court is a great metaphor in that it is insulated from the outside world and you can deal with values separate from the real world."

On occasion the show has handled tough and complex issues, such as corporal punishment in schools, homosexuality, incipient alcoholism. The treatment has been evenhanded and intelligent, avoiding the kind of overwrought caricature that prime-time TV so often falls into when it attempts to deal with sensitive and controversial issues (which it rarely does).

Amazingly, the network has not meddled with *Shadow*, leaving Howard, Paltrow & Co. to their own astute inventions. "We have been very protective of our material," says Howard. "We have a tiny staff, just two writers who know what we need. We plan to deal with more social issues in future shows—drugs, probably, and sex. Of course, in the paranoid recesses of Bruce's mind and mine, we can't help but worry that it's a dream that will end."

Perhaps it will. But even if the show isn't renewed next year, *The White Shadow* has succeeded at many levels—esthetically, dramatically, athletically and ethically. And if the ratings look good, says one CBS spokesman, *The White Shadow* has at least a ghost of a chance.

END

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Flying Paster was in the winner's circle again at Santa Anita last weekend, having rebounded from a puzzling loss to win the Derby by an impressive 6½ lengths

On St. Patrick's Day at Santa Anita, Flying Paster, the West's most successful 3-year-old, ran third in the San Felipe Handicap, beaten a head and a nose by two horses to whom he was giving eight and 13 pounds, large concessions for a colt early in his classic season. The loss, the first for Flying Paster since last July, baffled his owner, Ben Ridder, Trainer Gordon Campbell and Jockey Don Pierce. That day, Flying Paster ran with his ears pinned back, a sign that two brisk workouts before the San Felipe had taken their toll. Last Sunday, with all the colts carrying 120 pounds, Flying Paster ran in the \$192,400 Santa Anita Derby, and his San Felipe loss encouraged nine owners to start horses against him. What a mistake.

Flying Paster's ears were upright for the Santa Anita Derby and he won as he pleased, cantering to a 6½-length win over California Derby winner Beau's Eagle. And the two horses who had finished in front of Flying Paster in the San Felipe, Pole Position and Switch Partners, finished eighth and third respectively.

In the Santa Anita Derby, Flying Paster started to move toward the leaders, Beau's Eagle and Terlingua, with three-eighths of a mile remaining in the 1½-mile race and rushed past them. After the race, the elated Pierce said that through the stretch he "never hit Flying Paster in the rear, just tapped him gently on the shoulder a couple of times."

Despite Paster's compelling victory, Spectacular Bid will be a decided favorite at Churchill Downs. He has won nine consecutive stakes, and he has won them by a total of more than 60 lengths, a statistic for owners of rival horses to consider before head-

ing for Louisville. However, as bleak as the prospect of beating Spectacular Bid may seem, it should be recalled that in the past 20 years, 13 post-time Derby favorites have lost.

A year ago, Alydar was thumping rivals at Hialeah, Gulfstream and Keeneland as he moved along the same Derby-bound trail that Spectacular Bid is now taking. At Churchill Downs, however, Alydar was beaten by Affirmed, the Santa Anita and Hollywood Derby winner, and eventually lost the Triple Crown events.

"There are a lot of derbies leading to the Derby," said Wayne Lukas, the trainer of Terlingua, the first filly to start in a Santa Anita Derby in 17 years. "There's

a derby in Florida, three in California, one in Louisiana and another in Arkansas. But the Santa Anita Derby is far and away the most interesting pre-Kentucky Derby race which will be run this year. After Flying Paster got beat in the San Felipe, it changed a lot of people's thinking. He could be beaten and was. Why would I run Terlingua against colts? I've done it before. Did it last year at Hollywood Park in the Juvenile Stakes, and she beat Flying Paster."

Thus far, Terlingua is Secretariat's most successful offspring. Going into last week's race, she had won five of eight, had never been worse than third, and had easily cleared her purchase price of \$275,000.

Pole Position was perhaps the most interesting horse in the race—or, more correctly, had the most interesting owners. As a 2-year-old in training, Pole Position was purchased a year ago for \$13,500 by six guys from Edmonton, Canada: four meat packers, an electrical contractor and a retired painting contractor. And the colt entered last Sunday's race after eight races in which he never finished behind a single horse. Granted, he had been disqualified after winning each of his first two starts, but Pole Position overcame those indignities and his number stayed up in the next six. He won at places that still baffle Racing Form readers: NP, STP, EP. These are designations for Northlands, Stampede and Exhibition Parks in Canada, each a half-miler.

Last year Pole Position nearly tripled his purchase price, winning \$35,956. Early this year he was shipped to California to try deep water. "I couldn't get a stall for the horse at Santa Anita," says George (Goody)



Louisville hopeful Flying Paster had his ears up Sunday

continued

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HORSE RACING continued

Goodwin, Pole Position's 63-year-old trainer, "but I managed to get one at Hollywood Park, and we shipped the horse up to Santa Anita for his first two races in California."

Although Goodwin had hoped to break Pole Position into the big leagues with a six-furlong race, the best thing he could find was a race at 1 1/4 miles, and that was the Santa Catalina Stakes, which Pole Position won by a nose. Three weeks later, the colt won the San Felipe Handicap, the race in which Flying Paster came in third. In his two 1979 starts, Pole Position had picked up \$74,600 and boosted his lifetime earnings to \$110,556. Although he was not among the original nominees to the Santa Anita Derby (for a fee of \$100), Pole Position became a supplemental entry for \$5,000.

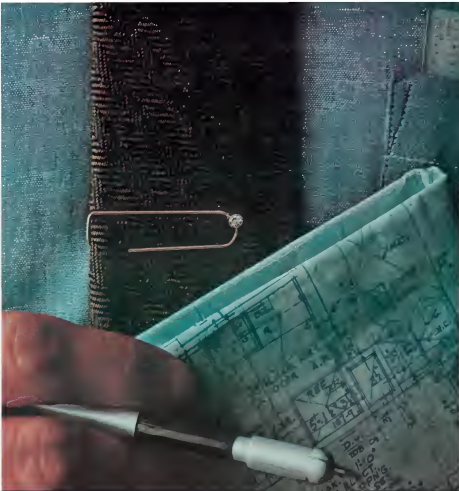
The meat packers, the electrician and the painter also failed to nominate the horse for the same \$100 fee to the Kentucky Derby, and although Pole Position can be supplemented to the Preakness and Belmont, he cannot run in Louisville; no supplemental entries are permitted for the Kentucky Derby. "We didn't nominate him," says Goodwin, "because, what the hell, a \$13,500 horse in the Derby? We never thought we'd get this lucky."

"I've been in the racing business since 1934. I was originally a groom. Used to get \$35 a month and sleep under the horses I groomed. To be dead honest about things, I can make more out of this horse in a few months than I can make out of anything else I've ever done. I love Pole Position. I groom him and train him. I can rub him and scrub him and keep my old bones out of the cold weather in Canada at this time of the year. Down here, I stay at the Cockatoo Inn. Unless you've worked hard, you don't know what it means for a guy like me to look up at the sun in the afternoon and know you have a bed at the Cockatoo when the night comes."

Last Sunday, Goodwin and reality had a head-on collision. But he should be consoled by the fact that he wasn't the only one to hit that particular wall. Lukas will have to reconsider his plans, too. Terlingua, carrying 115 pounds, wound up fifth, beaten seven lengths, while Pole Position was never seriously in the hunt.

Flying Paster's time of 1:48 at Santa Anita was eloquent, if not spellbinding. But, if you recall, there was another horse who won the Santa Anita Derby in 1:48. A colt named Affirmed.

END



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Young man, old hat ideas

Jack Renner wears a Ben Hogan-style cap and is the baby of the pro tour. He also has the Hogan-sized notion that he could be the best golfer in the world someday

Jack Renner is built like a reed, a toothpick, a one-iron. When he sits on his golf bag at the edge of a putting green, he is an angular pile of elbows and knees. His rib cage shows clearly through the back of the pale blue pullover he customarily wears. His face is tanned and as smooth as a child's, but quite unrevealing. At the TPC two weeks ago he missed a six-foot putt at the 16th hole on the last day that knocked him out of a tie with Tom Watson for second place. As the ball slipped by the hole, his skinny body twisted slightly, but his face remained impassive. Not long ago Renner told a golf writer, "My goal is to play 72

holes someday without changing expression. Hogan did it."

Renner also wears a white cap, as Ben Hogan did, and he has been using Hogan clubs since he was 14. Although he turned pro three years ago, he put off signing up with the Hogan manufacturing company until January because, he says, "I was afraid of becoming too closely associated with the name, afraid people might think I was getting up in the morning and kneeling facing Fort Worth."

Still, the white cap does attract attention, even after all the years of Hogan's retirement. At the Los Angeles Open, two caddies perched on shooting sacks were watching Hale Irwin and Tom Purtzer and Tom Weiskopf hit balls on the practice tee. After a time, Renner, who had been sitting on his bag watching Irwin while he waited for a space to open up, stepped into the line and soon was hitting glorious arrowlike irons out to the 175-yard sign, one after another.

Codger 1: "That's young Jack Renner, the kid in the hat. He's the best in California."

Codger 2: "He went east and made a lot of money. I think."

Codger 1: "He's only 18, you know."

Renner just looks 18. Actually he is 22, which makes him the youngest player on the PGA exempt list by more than a year. But he did go east, and north and south last year; and he did win a lot of money—\$73,996—which put him 33rd on the tour earnings list. He did it with a very good short game and remarkable consistency for a newcomer, finishing in the money in 21 of 28 tournaments and in the top 10 five times, including a tie for second in Greensboro.

While Renner may not have been the best amateur in California, he was the best in San Diego for quite a while, and

San Diego has long had one of the outstanding junior golf programs in the country. "Our city teams were so good that sometimes we'd challenge whole states," says Renner. Chet and Nancy Renner, Jack's parents, were avid golfers who moved to Palm Springs, Calif. from Evanston, Ill. in 1955 after the birth of their first child, Jane, now in her third year on the LPGA tour. "All we wanted," says Chet Renner, who is in his early 60s, "was to move to a place where it never snowed. We hated snow and winter and cold weather. Now I ask myself every day why we did it. I wonder about the effect of the place on the kids. Palm Springs is the most abnormal town of 30,000 in the world. It's just a revolving door, everybody running away from something."

In the summer months when the desert heat was intolerable, the Renner family, which soon included Jack and his younger brother Jim—also a pro now—would move to an apartment in San Diego. There the three children found their way into the junior program and eventually were playing in as many as two tournaments a week. Winter and summer, Chet and Nancy would split up the ferrying of the three around Southern California. When Palm Springs was home base and the distances were great, they would keep in touch through messages left Scotch-taped to a green garbage can at a roadside rest area on Highway 395. "Jane might be playing in Oceanview, Jack in Escondido and Jim in La Mesa," says Chet Renner. "So that we wouldn't have to wait until we got home to learn the others' scores, whoever got to the garbage can first would write his score on a piece of paper and tape it to the can."

The school year was spent in Palm Springs, and Jack was a superior student, he never got worse than an A after the fifth grade. He was asked to speak either as class valedictorian or salutatorian—the school never made it clear which—at Palm Springs High School in 1974, but Jack spent his graduation day in San Francisco trying unsuccessfully to qualify for the U.S. Open.

Instead of going away to a hotshot golf college—the normal route toward a pro career—Renner chose to attend a two-

continued



Reed on a green: Renner is typically poker-faced

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year community college in the desert. He didn't play golf there, nor had he in high school, figuring his time was better spent on a practice tee than driving two hours each way to some place like El Centro for a match against somebody who most likely shot 86 on his best day.

At 19 Renner turned pro. At 20 he qualified for the tour. He still has a pleasant innocence about what he found on the road. "I didn't know what to expect when I came out," he says. "I thought there might be more backbiting. After all, the tour is the essence of capitalism, the survival of the fittest. But I've never yet heard harsh words exchanged. I hope golf can stay like this. I hope it never gets like tennis. I'd hate to think I'd ever heckle Hale Irwin over a three-foot putt."

Sometimes Renner talks like a young man with an old man inside struggling to get out: "I want to be as professional as I can. I don't want to cut up in the locker room and act like a grammar school kid. I try to act older than I am." He seems to have a reason for everything he does and his decisions are firm. "Some guys think I'm eccentric, or that there's something wrong with me because I don't chase girls more often. But there's nothing in the world wrong with me. I just don't want to waste my time, or some girl's, on something that will only be one day or one night."

Often when he comes off a golf course, Renner goes looking for a public library in which to spend a couple of peaceful hours. "I like to read better than anything, and about anything. Right now I'm reading Galbraith's book on money. I'm not a voracious reader of fiction, but I probably read more magazines than anyone except the President. It has to do with their availability on airplanes. It is important to me not to be a dumb athlete. I want to be able to talk to my pro-am partners about something other than the speed of the greens."

Renner's ultimate goal is to be, "quite frankly, the best player on the face of the earth." But he has interim goals that he pursues one at a time, methodically, singlemindedly, until he has them nailed down. Last year, his first full year on the tour, he set out to make the top 60 on the money list. By mid-March he was on target, at which point he took stock of himself and decided that right then he needed a rest more than he needed another tournament and a chance to make a little more money. So he went home

to Palm Springs and rested and practiced for nine days. When he came back to Greensboro in the last week of March, he was ready to attack again.

The fast 60 golfers on the money-winning list are exempt from qualifying for the next year. The difference between No. 60 and No. 61 for a young, little-known player like Renner is the difference between living like a human being and trying to survive in the sweatbox of Monday qualifying—competing on Monday for the privilege of competing again Thursday for the privilege of just trying to make a living. By June, Renner was sure of being in the top 60 and had secured his immediate future.

Greensboro was his best tournament. He shot a 67 on Friday that put him only one stroke off the lead. After the third day he was in a three-way tie for the lead, and on Sunday all he needed was a par at the 18th hole to tie Seve Ballesteros. Instead, Renner hit his approach shot into a bunker, came out to within seven feet of the hole and then missed the putt. He had a tie with Fuzzy Zoeller for second and \$22,200, but to an uncaring world he had blown a seven-foot putt on national TV and possibly an invitation to the Masters next week. He would have had that if he'd tied Ballesteros and beaten him in a playoff.

But Renner was by no means disconsolate. With the year hardly begun, he was already well on the way to his goal. Furthermore, he had learned something about how good he was. "I considered it a victory," he says. "I could play on national TV. I could be in contention through a whole tournament and not choke. And I found it was easier and more fun than I thought it would be. I couldn't wait to do it again."

Hubert Green, impressed with Renner's attitude, has said, "He's going to be one heck of a golfer." Tom Watson said recently, "He's serious. He has talent. He works hard on his game. I think it's only a matter of time till he wins." Others, however, say they see things in Renner's swing and his grip that could limit his potential. One veteran observer thinks it even possible Renner has already had his best year. But veteran observers have been wrong before. Arnold Palmer survived a hook grip. Jack Nicklaus a supposedly flying elbow. Billy Casper a dragging foot. Bobby Jones a loop. Walter Hagen a sway, and

on and on back to Old Tom Morris.

Renner himself feels that the only thing standing between him and his heart's desire is physical strength. His weight, listed as 160 in the tour book, is obviously wishful thinking by at least a few pounds, but just as obviously, he has not finished growing. During the off months he did some careful weight lifting and rope skipping, convinced that if he wants to, he can become strong. On his record, he is probably right.

He also worked long and hard on increasing his distance off the tee. When he returned to the tour this past January, he was startled to find that his short game, the bulwark of his success, was suffering from neglect. He missed cuts in his first two tournaments, and by the time he got to Hawaii, he says, he was praying to the "golf god." "I told him I was sorry I hadn't practiced my chipping and putting, that I had committed the cardinal golf sin and that I was repenting, and since I'd done the penance would he please give me a few putts."

Did he? "No."

Things got so bad that the afternoon before he left home for the L.A. Open, Chet, Jane, Jim and Jack Renner had a family conference on the south course of the Canyon Country Club, in the middle of the desert near Palm Springs, to consider what was wrong with Jack's putting.

"Nobody could figure out what it was," said Jack. "As it was getting dark, I lined up six balls about 20 feet from the hole. I hit one after another and the fifth one missed by two feet. When I got to the last, I sort of flicked my wrist and the ball went maybe 30 yards over the green. That was when I blew my stack, literally. Nobody ever thinks he is a good putter, but I had been told my whole life I was a good putter, and to get to a point where for six weeks I couldn't make a putt... I just let out a howl. I had reached the boiling point. Nobody said anything at first. Then, out in the dark a coyote answered me. It was pretty funny. I calmed down right away, opened my stance drastically, and suddenly I began to see my line again."

Renner shot 75-71-71-70—287 and finished tied for 27th at L.A. His putts had begun to drop again. After two weeks at home, he resurfaced in Florida, where he tied for 40th at Doral and then took that splendid third in the TPC. The golf god had taken pity on the young pennant at last.

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He's a man to beat Dead Horse

The recently christened hill at the world championship didn't slow John Treacy

In the days leading up to the World Cross-Country Championship, which took place in Limerick, Ireland on the last Sunday in March, runners trying the windswept Greenpark Racecourse found it lumpy but free of the log barriers and earthworks that often are erected at continental events to help the land resist the

runners. True, there was a dead horse lying across the route—destroyed there after having fallen in the previous week's steeplechasing—but it was soon removed. Thereafter, the runners referred to the location—the last good downhill leading to the finish half a mile away—as Dead Horse Hill.

It was there, after warm rains had descended and the course had been churned to adhesive mud, that defending champion John Treacy of Ireland and Providence College's graduate school of business began to pull away from 1977 champion Leon Schets of Belgium and the rest of the field of 200 on only the second of the five laps that made up the 7½ miles of the senior men's race. As Treacy's lead stretched to 40 yards, 25,000 Irishmen along the fence, the largest crowd ever to watch this world championship, hushed into full voice. Treacy, as pale as his white shorts and running with a superb cross-country stride in which he planted his heels firmly into

the mire for stability, gave no sign of heeding the great cheers that covered him and went rolling on across the nearby River Shannon, although he steadily increased his lead through the third lap to 18 seconds. In response, the now hysterical crowd strained at the barricades, breaking onto the sloppy ground. (Later, the usually immaculate streets of Limerick would be coated with the mud trucked away from the course.) Wild, overcoated men ran along the ropes marking Treacy's way, waving and shouting at him in Gaelic and incomprehensible English. Treacy's wide blue eyes, until now inward and intent on his labor, took on a wary, hunted look. He ran farther from the ropes on the turns, to be away from the reaching arms.

In the stands, Treacy's coach, Bob Amann of Providence, watched, trembling. Treacy's run and the surrounding tumult seemed an affirmation to him, proof that he'd done things right. An unfailingly cordial man, intense behind

(continued)

Even a "mudmarker" like Treacy took a spill at Limerick's treacherous Greenpark Racecourse before winning his second world title





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gold-framed glasses, Amato chooses his runners' races with an eye to enhancing their career-long development, and for many of them that means pointing for the European cross-country runs every spring. Slogging behind Treacy were two other Providence runners, Gerry Deegan (43rd) of Ireland and Danny Dillon (44th) of the U.S.

"I don't believe this interferes with spring track," Amato had said earlier in the week. "The best Europeans all run it and benefit. It's almost ridiculous that college coaches prefer to keep some of our best runners at home for early-season outdoor meets that don't mean anything." A case in point was Oregon's Alberto Salazar, the NCAA cross-country champion and AAU runner-up, who had stayed home to run a 13:59 5,000 meters in a college dual meet. "It's sad to hurt our team like this," said Amato. "We shouldn't be disgraced when we could do so much better."

It wasn't a disgrace, but the U.S. men, led by Craig Virgin in 13th place, fin-

ished eighth in the team competition with 341 points, well behind England's winning total of 119. "Salazar should have been here," said Virgin. "He needs to be exposed to this."

As a coach, Amato is a diagnostician who prescribes different sorts of running for different athletes. "Deegan likes to be practically bleeding from the mouth after workouts, he runs so hard," Amato said, "but I've had to adjust to Treacy's not needing that severity. He responds better to relaxed, measured efforts. I'll never forget him when he arrived at Providence at age 17—5' 10", 120 pounds and so pale he looked like death warmed over."

Little about John Treacy has changed, except now he says he weighs 130. "He's good over soft ground—what the Irish call a 'mudlarker,'" said Amato. "He floats over the ground, while heavier runners sink and stagger." Thus, the site of the 1978 international, Glasgow's Bellahouston Park, which was an unprecedented quagmire on race day, was fine

by Treacy. He stuck to the U.S.S.R.'s Aleksandr Antipov for the first seven miles, then drove on to become, at 20, the youngest man ever to win this event and Ireland's first world champion in any kind of running since Ron Delany won the Olympic 1,500 meters in 1956.

"John was an outsider then, with no pressure from anyone but himself," said Amato. "Not this year." Indeed, the weight of Irish hopes seemed to mount unbearably through the week. Full-page stories on Treacy appeared twice daily, making up in passion what they lacked in information. In Treacy's hometown of Villierstown, near Waterford, the Very Rev. John Morrissey said from his pulpit, "The champion won't let us down," and the town's entire population (210) then rushed out for the 70-mile drive to the race. Runners in Limerick were told again and again by stern-faced children: "You can't run as fast as John Treacy."

They were right. Near the end of the third lap, Treacy had a 100-yard lead and

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knew he wouldn't fold. "I said to myself, 'It's all over, John, you've won,'" Treacy revealed later. Whereupon he tumbled, slipping in the muck while approaching a sharp turn. The crowd fell into horror-struck silence, but Treacy was up quickly with blackened shins and a fistful of grassy mud, which, chastened, he wiped on his shirt.

Maintaining second place was Bronislaw Malinowski of Poland, the 1976 Olympic silver medalist in the steeplechase, who was deriving a measure of unintended aid from the throng's singing of Ireland's "My grandmother is Irish," he said afterward, "but that wasn't enough today." Still, he would outspurt Antipov for second.

On the fourth lap Treacy gained another two seconds, and he was clearly out of reach. Behind the glassed VIP stand, where dignitaries had sat through the early going calmly sipping Irish Mist, the celebration was such that the windows steamed over. In her ecstasy, one middle-aged matron, who was sitting not far from International Olympic Committee President Lord Killanin, elbowed one of the sizable panes out of its frame, crying, "That's for Ireland!"

Ever more demented hosts ran upon the course. "The crowd scared me at the end," said Treacy. "I didn't know what would happen. I was afraid I'd be trod on." The scene at the finish could only have taken place in a small and rather poor and fiercely proud country, that pride not having been much tempered by athletic success in recent years. The men roaring and the men crying were in about equal proportion. Treacy turned into the last 150 yards and raised his arms as if to plead for quiet. If anything, the gesture had the reverse effect.

Across the line was Treacy's father, Jack, a grocer, who had jumped a hedge and was waiting to greet him. He never got close. Three steps after he had won, in 37:20, the younger Treacy was seized by the police, carried through a cordon of guards, thrust over a gate and into an ambulance that took him to a nearby jockeys' shed where he was rushed down some stairs to the doping test. Outside, the singing carried on as 37-year-old marathoner Danny McDaid, a letter carrier and sheep farmer from Donegal, ran the race of his life to come in 11th and assure Ireland a second-place team finish. It was the first time for Ireland to finish in the top three since 1927.

"You could live a hundred years and not feel as proud again!" called one official to another. U.S. women's coach Chris Murray of Iowa State was wept-eyed. "I've never been to an event with this emotion," he said. "You could feel it. Today John Treacy was Ireland."

It was the second time that afternoon that Murray had cried, the first being when his women had swept to the team championship over a formidable group of Soviets. They were helped, indirectly, by the magnificent individual performance of Norway's Grete Waitz, the world-record holder in the marathon and, without question, the finest female cross-country runner of all time. Soon after the start—a sparkling assemblage of bright silks and shoes thrown blithely into the mud—Waitz ran strongly ahead. The Soviet women, including European 3,000-meter champion Svetlana Ulmasova, went with her, while the U.S. women started modestly. "I felt as if I were running dead last," said Ellison Goodall, a medical student at the University of North Carolina. If this wasn't exactly according to plan, it was to be expected, because, as Murray pointed out, the Soviets were accomplished at the shorter track distances of 1,500 and 3,000 meters, while the Americans, thanks to the distance-running boom of the past few years, were more experienced at 10,000 meters.

Over 5,040 meters of heavy turf, it was U.S.S.R. speed against American strength, and once Waitz had exhausted the Soviets and pulled away, the Americans went to work, led first by Jan Merrill, then by the astonishing Goodall, who, although she is the AAU 10,000-meter champion, had never run on a team of any kind before. Diminutive and with a quick, light stride, she dodged through the field until at the rise of Dead Horse Hill on the final lap she reached second place, though still far behind Waitz, who would win by 26 seconds in 16:48. "The mud made it feel like I was mashing grapes for a while," said Goodall, who had come to Ireland as an alternate, taking the place of the injured Kathy Mills. "I just didn't want to be an embarrassment for the team."

At the end, speed told once more, and Raisa Smekhnova outspurred Goodall for second. Merrill finished seventh and one place behind her came Julie Shea of North Carolina State. In 11th was Margaret Groos of the University of Virgin-

ia. The U.S.' 29 points easily beat the U.S.S.R.'s 48 and England's 68. Even though they were world champions, Shea and Groos thought they might have done better. "I just seemed to get stuck in one place and couldn't get out of it," said Groos, echoing the sensation experienced by Shea and anyone who has ever run across a plowed field.

Murray had stressed team loyalties as essential to good cross-country running, saying, "If you have a team concept, you don't lose hope just because you're not winning the individual race. Every place counts." Even Merrill's contentious coach, Norm Higgins, was enthusiastic over the job Murray had done. "He should be named national coach for the next three years," said Higgins. For her part, Merrill thought the trip had taught her a few things about Higgins. "He is Irish and this week I've met more people like him," she said. "There are no street signs here so they tell you to 'go down around that church and then through the square and to the dead tree and then back here.' I always wondered how he got that."

At length, John Treacy was released from the protection of the Irish police, but before his poor father could get to him the press crowded around. Wrapped in a blanket and still carrying a look of faint alarm, he patiently described the race, saying it was easier this year than last because breaking away early let him relax. On the pressure of being a favorite son, he said in a tone almost of wonder, "I don't react to that kind of pressure." Neither had the mud cheers lifted him. "The people on the field were a distraction," he said. There was a groan when he revealed he would be flying back to Providence the next morning. "No triumphant return to your own village?" waited one promoter. "No, just a quiet night with my family," said Treacy with relief, rightly anticipating any larger Irish celebration as ruinous. Finally his father was allowed to reach Treacy, and was in turn besieged by questioners.

The mob of reporters shifted slightly, allowing Treacy to spot Amato, standing to one side. The runner's spikes clattered on the cement floor as he made his way to his coach. As the two men embraced, Treacy's eyes finally lost their wary alertness. Both men's faces had the same expression, a look of immense satisfaction and thanks, the love of a great victory shared.

END

Bullish over Baby Bulls

Now that the pro hockey leagues are definitely going to merge, NHL teams are drooling over all the young stars of the soon-to-be-defunct Birmingham Bulls

Last summer John Bassett, owner of the hockey team now known as the Birmingham Bulls but soon to be known as defunct, was in a pickle. He had been prepared to fold his club as soon as the World Hockey Association merged with the National Hockey League, and expected to collect several million dollars as an indemnity. Then the merger fell through. In the meantime, Bassett had lost 2,000 season-ticket holders and had sold off \$1 million worth of players, including Ken Linseman, Mark Napier and All-Star goalie John Garrett. Now he needed half a dozen players—quickly and cheaply—in order to scrape through another year. Bassett's solution was to stage a mid on the teen-agers of Canada's junior hockey leagues—amateur players who had not

reached the NHL draft age of 20. He signed seven of them for \$50,000 each and thus was born the Baby Bulls.

Many underage juniors had been signed to pro contracts during the long WHA-NHL war (among those who succeeded as teen-agers were Bryan Trottier, Pierre Larouche and Mark Howe), but the idea of seven on a single team was preposterous. As it was, six of the seven made the team, and not only have they contributed, they have been the heart of the Bulls. Four of the team's top six scorers and its leading goaltender all started as teen-agers—and now they are battling Cincinnati for the last WHA playoff spot in the last WHA year.

Of the six young regulars, three are defensemen—Craig Hartsburg, Rob Ram-

age and Gaston Gingras; two are forwards—Rick Vaive and Michel Goulet; and one is a goaltender—Pat Riggin. NHL scouts have been migrating down to the land of cotton like scarred, toothless boil weevils, and they are salivating. All six signed long-term contracts with the Bulls last week on the eve of the NHL-WHA merger. Now the NHL teams that select the Baby Bulls in the "amateur" draft this summer will have to honor these contractual commitments. Hartsburg and Ramage will be two of the top three choices, along with Cincinnati Wing Mike Gartner, another "underage" player whose team is folding. Vaive is rated No. 5 or No. 6 among the draft eligibles, while Riggin is rated No. 1 among goalies. Goulet and Gingras are projected as late first-round selections. (Goulet is 18, the others are 19 or 20.)

Gilles Leger, the Birmingham general manager, was confident before the season that his Baby Bulls wouldn't embarrass themselves, but he certainly didn't anticipate that they would have his team fighting for a playoff spot. "We knew Hartsburg and Ramage could play," he says, "but we didn't know they would adapt so quickly. Hartsburg is poised, a great natural athlete. He's a quarterback. Ramage is more like a middle linebacker. He's a thumper. Ramage is the kind of guy who will go down and pound the Nautilus all day long, while Hartsburg's the kind who might go down and watch him. It's going to be very interesting to see who will be the better defenseman in the long run. One of the hardest things to do is project longevity. You probably will end up with another Serge Savard in Hartsburg and another Larry Robinson in Ramage."

Both shoot well, move the puck quickly, play on the power play and have the size (Hartsburg is 6'1", 190 pounds, Ramage is 6'2", 195) that everyone looks for in a modern defenseman. "If we'd been stuck another year in junior, who knows what kind of a year we'd have had?" Ramage wonders. "What can you do to outdo yourself? There would have been no challenge."

The Colorado Rockies will have the

continued



The Baby Bulls: from left, Gaston Gingras, Craig Hartsburg, Pat Riggin, Rob Ramage and Rick Vaive

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No. 1 pick in the amateur draft. Colorado General Manager Ray Miron is looking for a quality center, though, and may use his No. 1 choice to acquire one—possibly by trade. Still, Miron is very keen on the two defensemen. "Ramage is more aggressive," he says, "and Hartsburg has more finesse. But Ramage shoots right, and we could play him with Barry Beck. Who knows? We might just take Ramage."

After Edmonton's 18-year-old Wayne Gretzky, whose rights will remain with the Oilers when they join the NHL next season, Goulet is the best of the 18-year-olds—a classically swift French-Canadian skater who has a scorer's touch around the net. His 26 goals and 29 assists place him first among Birmingham's scorers. According to Miron, "Goulet would be perfect for a team like Montreal that could afford to wait a year or two with him. He'll be a good one."

There will be no waiting with Vaive. A 76-goal scorer for Sherbrooke in the Quebec junior league last year, he has become a brawler in Birmingham, where he leads the WHA in penalties. He also has scored 23 goals. Although Vaive weighs only 180 pounds, he takes on all comers—and often gets taken. Edmonton's "Unfriendly Giant," Dave Semenko, knocked Vaive out with a single blow in one fight. "I don't think I'll ever get this many minutes again," Vaive says. "It's my style of play. I hit a lot of guys, and since I'm a rookie they want to try me."

Vaive is something of a free spirit: he considers the 600-mile trek between his home on Prince Edward Island and Boston well worth it if he can take in a couple of Red Sox games. He answers to "Spud"—potatoes are his home province's main farm product—and is described by Leger as having "a natural tendency to be ornery." On the ice, that is. "There are a lot of right wingers that have his talent," Leger continues, "but not too many that have that special quality he does. You hate to play against him but love to have him." What is that "special quality"? Vaive, who is dark-haired, dumpy, good-looking, gives it some thought. "Nobody likes to lose, but I'm a really poor loser," he says.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of the Baby Bulls has been Ruggin, who at 19 stepped in and won the No. 1 goaltending job over NHL veteran Ernie Wakely. Ruggin's goals-against average (3.69)



Known for his goal scoring in the juniors, Vaive (22) turned into a hairy scrappier with Birmingham.

is half a goal a game lower than Wakely's and the other Birmingham goaltenders', and he has put together a 16-20-5 won-lost record. He is small (5'9") and left-handed, and thus somewhat resembles Toronto's Mike Palmateer in the nets, though he plays with a more controlled style.

Ruggin comes from good goaltending stock; his father, Dennis, was being groomed as Terry Sawchuk's successor in Detroit until he lost the sight in one eye after being struck by a puck.

The teen-age Bulls all feel that the Birmingham experience has improved their hockey skills more than staying in junior hockey would have. "This puts us maybe a year ahead of the rest of the guys," Vaive says. "If a player's good enough, they shouldn't hold him back."

Now that the WHA is being absorbed by the NHL, it is unlikely that many future 18- or 19-year-olds will have a chance to play for pay as the Baby Bulls did this season. The NHL has an agreement with Canada's junior leagues not to draft players until they are 20. "It's an arbitrary age," admits Jack Butten, director of the NHL's central scouting program. "When they set up the draft in 1967, that's the age they happened to

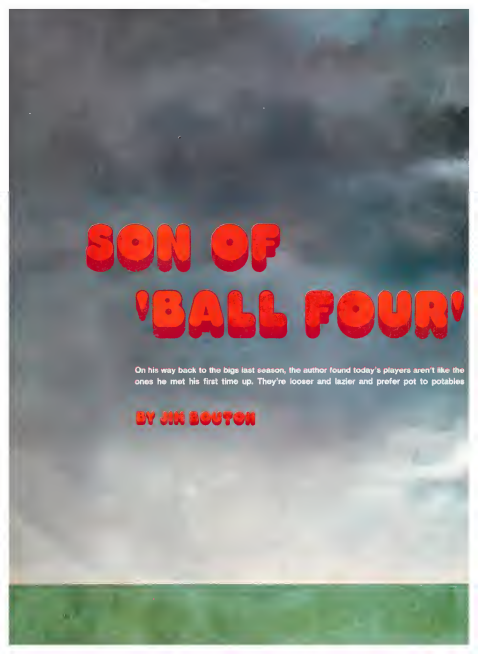
choose. Maybe we should be looking at experience at the junior level instead of just age, so that a kid who has been playing major junior A hockey since he was 16 becomes eligible for the draft a little earlier. That might be the way to go."

As for owner Bassett, shed no tears for the disbanding of the Birmingham Bulls. Bassett will get \$2.85 million from the rest of the WHA teams to fold the franchise. The fans who will miss the Bulls are few: they averaged about 5,000 a game this year. "They're spoiled here with football and Bear Bryant losing one game a season," says Hartsburg. "We lose two in a week and they think we're losers."

Three weeks ago, before the NHL-WHA consolidation agreement was announced, an item appeared in the Bulls' press notes that may now merit greater consideration: "A new hockey league, known as the Bermuda Triangle Hockey League, is being organized with teams in Nassau, Bermuda and Palm Beach. Halfway through the season, the franchises will disappear and no one will ever discover what becomes of the players or the management."

No bull? Sounds ideal. Count you in, Mr. Bassett?

END



SON OF 'BALL FOUR'

On his way back to the bigs last season, the author found today's players aren't like the ones he met his first time up. They're looser and lazier and prefer pot to potables

BY JIM BOUTON



CONTINUED

I've had my share of thrills in baseball. I won 21 games for the Yankees in 1963, pitched the pennant-clinching game and made the All-Star team. Don Drysdale beat me 1-0 in the World Series. In '64 I won 18—plus two in the World Series against the Cardinals. In those days I could throw as hard as anybody. My hat used to fly off my head, I threw so hard. I could "bring it," as they say. And I was known as a tough competitor. Yankee Catcher Elston Howard nicknamed me the Bulldog. Then I hurt my arm in 1965, and I hung on for a few more years. I resurrected an old knuckleball I had thrown as a kid and won a few games—very few—for Seattle and Houston. After eight years in the bigs, I retired in 1970. That's the year my book came out—*Ball Four*.

That's also when I got my new first name. Controversial, as in *Controversial Jim Bouton*, author of ... or *Controversial Jim Bouton*, sportscaster for ... *Ball Four* told a few truths about baseball, so naturally the baseball Establishment hated it. The owners were furious. The commissioner wanted to ban the book. The housemen among the writers called me Judas and Benedict Arnold and other names. My favorite was social leper. Dick Young of the *New York Daily News* thought that one up. While I was on the mound trying to pitch, players on the opposing team hollered obscenities at me from the dugout.

All that screaming and hollering sure sold books. *Ball Four* went for 200,000 in hard cover, is still going strong in paperback and just got translated into Japanese. It's the largest-selling sports book ever. I was so grateful, I dedicated my second book, *I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Personally*, to my detractors. They didn't appreciate the gesture. I think they're still mad at me.

One way I can tell is that I never get invited back to Oldtimers' Days. Understand, everybody gets invited back for Oldtimers' Day, no matter what kind of rotten person he was when he was playing. Muggers, drug addicts, rapists, child molesters, all are forgiven for Oldtimers' Day. Except a certain author. You get the idea I'm not exactly the fair-haired boy. Just giving you a little background.

Because I am such a reprehensible character, I had a little difficulty getting back into professional baseball. In 1977

Bill Veeck gave me a chance with his Double A farm team in Knoxville, Tenn. I was released after six weeks, but I didn't take it personally; my pitching record was 0-6. Then I made a bunch of phone calls and ended up playing in Durango, Mexico. Only a foreign country would have me. After five weeks of 26-hour bus rides and galloping "turista," I returned to the U.S. and finished the season with the Portland Mavericks (Northwest League, Class A), an independent team of players nobody wanted, owned by actor Bing Russell. My knuckleball was getting better. I won five, lost two.

At that point, all 26 major league teams refused to even let me try out for one of their 112 farm teams. The cellar-dwelling, expansionist, player-poor Seattle Mariners told me I couldn't even try out for their Class A team. They probably didn't want their players to get sick and die from whatever dread disease I have.

Even Charlie Finley told me personally on the phone he didn't want me. It may be the only thing he's ever had in common with the other owners.

It's not like they had anything to lose. I told them I'd pay all my expenses; I just wanted a uniform and a chance. And I was flexible on that. I would have brought my own



uniform. I even promised I wouldn't write a book. I figured I'd better let them know that. Something told me they weren't dying to read *Son of Ball Four* (I never said I wouldn't write a magazine article).

Then I got lucky. During the winter of '77-'78, I was giving a talk to some businessmen, and one of them, Jeff Hammond, editor of *Motor Boating & Sailing* magazine, said he was a friend of the Atlanta Braves' owner, Ted Turner. Hammond arranged for me to meet Ted when he came to New York to accept the Yachtsman of the Year award for winning the America's Cup.

Years ago an owner would not deign to speak to a common player. During my six years with the Yankees, I was only allowed to view Dan Topping and Del Webb from a distance. I was once permitted to speak with Dan Topping Jr. himself, but only for a short while. He made me feel like I should've taken my shoes off before I came into his office. And I wasn't wearing spikes. I never did catch a glimpse of the Astro owner, Judge Roy Hofheinz. And I never even knew who owned the Seattle Pilots. Baseball owners used to be like the Wizard of Oz before anybody got wise. Things must've changed when players got to be free agents. Maybe the owners started talking to players so they could be closer to their money.

Ted said, "What the hell! Sure, why not?" He told me to come on down to Florida, and he'd give me a chance to make one of his minor league teams. So what if I was 39 years old? He said he was 39, and he wasn't washed up. Besides, he already had one 39-year-old knuckleballer—Phil Nickro—so why not one more? He also had a 5'9" guard on his pro basketball team. Ted said he believed in the Amer-

ican way, that everyone should get his chance, and let the best man win in fair competition. I told him I believed in the same thing. Later on in the summer, a sportswriter said that Ted gave me a chance because he was hoping I would write a book. And mention Ted.

Why would a 39-year-old man with a good job in television even want to go back? It's hard to explain. I felt a certain restlessness. It seemed like I had to find something, but I didn't know what. Besides that, I love pitching a baseball. And I like a good challenge. A tiny voice in the back of my head said I could make it. The voice wouldn't shut up, so I had to try.

It was almost a decade since I played in the big leagues with the Astros. And it was 20 years ago that I started out in the Yankee farm system. I'll tell you one thing, baseball sure has changed a lot in that time.

Take the competition in spring training. It used to be much fiercer than it is today. That's because there were more players back then. Lots more. Now there are only four levels of minor league competition—Rookie, A, AA, AAA. Most organizations have just one team at each level. There used to be seven levels—D, C, B, along with the surviving four—and when I first signed, the Yankees had eight farm teams and also shipped players out to unaffiliated teams. That's a lot more bodies to climb over on your way to the top. I used to keep a list of pitchers who were above me on the ladder. My first year I wrote down 134 names. Guys were running around with numbers on their backs like 78 and 84. Football numbers. One spring my number was 68. I was a pulling guard. There were so many players, I once lockered in a broom closet. Make that half a closet. I shared it with an outfielder named Jim Pisoni. The coaches couldn't remember all the names, either. One year they kept calling me Mackenzie. I don't know what they called Mackenzie.

Last year at the Braves' minor league camp, no one called me Mackenzie. They called me other things. In my first exhibition game, I was in the middle of winding up for my first pitch when my shortstop hollered, "Come on, Mr. Bouton." I had to call time out to laugh. Actually, the players were very kind to me. They called me Dad.

continued



Or Oldtimer. Take it easy, Oldtimer," they would say during wind sprints. "We don't want to have to give you mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

Then they stopped kidding me about my age. That's because I was running them into the ground. I made their tongues hang out. On purpose. First, I wanted to prove that my advanced age didn't matter. Second, it was fun knowing I was in better shape than these kids.

I made it look easy, but actually it wasn't. I had worked out all winter long at Fairleigh Dickinson University near my home in Englewood, N.J. I'd go to the gym from midnight till two in the morning, when nobody else was using it. I worked out four nights a week, even if there was a blizzard. I'd run and pitch to a friend, Johnny Belson, and when John couldn't make it, I'd throw against a wall. Some nights my knuckleball was really jumping. I was 14-0 against the wall.

I knew I had to look good in spring training. Real good. I had two chances of making it. Slim and none. There's no margin for error when you're 39. Especially if you've been away for eight years and your first name is Controversial.

Also, I didn't exactly feel welcome. Early in the winter, before I met Ted Turner, General Manager Bill Lucas had told me the Braves weren't interested. In spring training I had a hunch that they still didn't want me after Farm Director Hank Aaron told the press I was there only because Turner had invited me. And I was the only player who didn't have a locker with his name stenciled on. I found an empty one in a corner and wrote my name on top with a Magic Marker.

At least the players were nice to me. In the beginning I was a real curiosity. They would sneak glances at me and whisper a lot. But they seemed to respect me. Maybe that's because I was old enough to be their father. Also, they were minor-leaguers, and I had eight years in the big leagues or, as they call it, "the show." "At least you got some time in the show," they would say. Because of my vast experience, they called me Rook.

They knew I was the guy who wrote *Ball Four*, but they didn't dislike me for it. In fact, they liked me because I wrote it. A few players came over the first day and said they'd always wanted to meet me. They brought dog-eared copies of my book for me to autograph. I loved it.

Most of the players had read *Ball Four* in high school or, as some of them enjoyed telling me, in junior high. They liked the book because it told them what big league ball would be like in case they ever got there. They enjoyed all those sexy anecdotes. A few players told me it sounded like



so much fun, they were inspired to play harder so they would be sure to make it. Now there's a side effect I never get credit for—*Ball Four* improving the quality of baseball. Maybe Bowie Kuhn will give me a plaque for meritorious service.

Gays were always coming over to ask me questions about the book. Did the Yankees really run around the roof of the Shoreham Hotel in Washington to look in windows? Did the Mick really hit a home run with a terrible hangover? I said I didn't want to topple their idols, but it was all true. They said that the book didn't destroy heroes. No matter what the Mick did, he was still the greatest ballplayer ever. Everybody thought I was coming back to write another book. But these players weren't afraid of that.

They figured it was a great idea. They all said I should be sure to spell their names right.

Ted had promised me a fair chance, and I believed him. Now all I had to do was be sensational. I was optimistic. In my entire career, I never failed to make the team I tried out for in spring training. One spring, 1962, I even made a team I wasn't trying out for—the Yankees. I was a minor-leaguer, invited to spring training just to pitch batting practice. I had won 14 games the year before in AA, and the plan was that on cutdown day I would get shipped out to AAA. Except I fooled them.

We were playing an exhibition game against the Cardinals at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg. After pitching/batting practice, I changed my sweat shirt and sat in the bullpen to watch the game. At the end of nine innings, the game was tied, and we were out of pitchers, having brought only enough to play a regulation game. In spring training, guys who aren't going to be needed in games can work out, then leave early to play golf. Who could the Yankees get to pitch the 10th inning? The hitting practice pitcher, who else? Neither team scored in the 10th, so I had to pitch the 11th. And the 12th. Then the 13th. In the 14th we lost on a blown double play, but the day was mine. Along the way I struck out a couple of guys.

If my teammates had anything to do with it, I wouldn't have struck out anybody. I could tell they weren't exactly rooting for me after what they told me on the bench between innings. Johnny Blanchard was playing rightfield, and he was steaming.

"Hey, Meat," said John. "Lay the damn ball in there, and let them hit it."

"What?" said I.

"Let them hit the damn ball for Chrissakes. It's hot. I want to get the hell out of here."

continued



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"But, John, I'm trying to make the club."
"Forget it, Meat. You're only pitching because we got nobody else."

John was a wonderful inspiration to young pitchers. I'm glad he wasn't catching that day. He might've told the hitters what was coming. Don't laugh. I've seen that happen in spring training when a game's gone on too long.

When a rookie does well, it fouls up the manager's plans. So he lets you pitch until you have a bad inning, which happens sooner or later. Then he can ship you out as planned. Trouble was, I never had a bad inning. I had about 35 good ones. When spring training was over, the Yankees had no choice. They had to keep me.

Last spring with the Braves, I felt just like I did in '62. I wasn't in their plans. One bad inning, and I'd be history. So what I did was pitch 13 scoreless innings. It didn't keep them from releasing me anyway. The way they did it was typical baseball. It's almost comforting to know that in some ways the game will never change.

 I was the morning before our last workout, and we were standing around the clubhouse, waiting to go on the field. I remember looking down at my gray practice uniform, wondering whether I would exchange it for a Richmond (AAA) or Savannah (AA) uniform. Then something funny happened during roll call. They didn't mention my name. This was surprising since I was standing right up front, like I always did. "Hey, you missed me," I said brightly. Coach Ken Rowe stared intently at some microscopic dot on his clipboard. Everybody else's eyes were on me. "Didn't Hank tell you?" said Rowe. Tell me what, I wondered. Hank hadn't told me anything all spring, not even hello. "You better see Hank," said Rowe, still examining his clipboard. Then I knew. Everyone knew. The only thing Hank wanted to tell me was goodbye. It was like that old military joke where they break the news from home that someone's mother has died. "Now listen up. All those men with mothers take one step forward." Not so fast, Johnson.

It was the same years ago with the Yankees, who had subtle ways of letting you know your services were no longer needed. You'd come in after a day's workout, and everyone's equipment bag would be packed for the next day's road trip. Everyone's bag, that is, except those marked for extinction. "Hey, how come my bag isn't packed?" It's been nice knowing you.

I should have suspected something when Hank didn't watch me pitch even one inning. The other players told me not to feel bad about that because Hank hardly saw anyone play. He didn't like to watch ball games, probably because he'd played in so many himself. The players said Hank would come to a few of their games during the season and then leave early. Very early, like in the first or second inning. "As soon as he finished his beer." Once, they said, he'd left during the national anthem.

The players said I should be glad that at least Hank knew my name. As a running joke, they did instant replays of meetings with Hank that they swore actually took place.

"I'm sorry you've been released. Boh."

"My name is Pete."

"I'm sorry, Pete, but we've already got too many second basemen."

"But I'm an outfielder."

"Uh, we also have too many outfielders."

At 9 a.m. Hank told me what I already knew. At 2 p.m. I was sitting in Ted's office, 600 miles away in Atlanta. I didn't even have an appointment. On the plane from Florida I had written a short speech. I knew Ted was a busy man. Building a communications empire can be time-consuming. I told him to listen for five minutes, and then I'd get the hell out. I started off by saying I was a lot like him. I was a winner, too. The great spring I had just had wasn't luck. What's more, the yachting establishment didn't like him either. They would sink his boat if they could. I told him that I'd won my preliminary trials just like he had, and now I deserved to stay in the race. I wanted my boat back.

I guess Ted liked my speech because he picked up the phone, with me sitting right there, and told Lucas to find a place for me. Lucas said I could pitch batting practice for the Richmond farm team. No salary, just expenses, and I could stay in shape and wait for some pitcher to get a sore arm. Maybe, I thought, one of them would get run over in the parking lot by some other player's Corvette. Nothing serious, just a few broken bones.

My going to Richmond as batting-practice pitcher was like Herbie Rabbit getting thrown into the bear patch. The Richmond pitching coach was Johnny Sam. Johnny is not only the best coach in baseball, but he also happens to be my friend. He was the Yankee pitching coach the year I won 21. And he's famous for refurbishing sunken pitching derelets. Jim Kaat, Mudcat Grant and Jim Perry come to mind. Maybe I could be rehired, too.

If you're wondering why the best coach in baseball is in the minors, it's simple. The system for selecting coaches hasn't changed since the days of Abner Doubleday. The manager picks the coaches. And managers always choose an old teammate, close friend, brother-in-law or next-door neighbor—anybody who will be loyal to the manager. Loyalty is more important than ability. The best qualification a coach can have is being the manager's drinking buddy. Johnny Sam drinks milk shakes and is loyal to pitchers.

Sam got credit for winning pennants in New York, Detroit and Minnesota. Ralph Houk, Mayo Smith and Sam Mele never won anywhere without him. And that's another thing. Managers don't like it when the pitching coach gets his name in the paper more than the manager. Which is too bad. If I owned a baseball team, I'd hire Sam as my pitching coach, and let him choose the manager. Maybe Ted will do that someday.

So I went to Richmond, and for six weeks I pitched batting practice. At game time I'd get out of my uniform, buy some peanuts and sit in the stands. Then one day the patron saint of batting-practice pitchers handed me the ball. The Atlanta Braves were coming to town for an exhibition game against their top farm team. Ted said, let Bouston pitch for Richmond. Ted would umpire at third base.

To make a long—but fascinating—story short, in front of the second-largest crowd in the history of Parker Field

continued



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(fans stood in roped-off sections of the outfield), I did a job on the Atlanta Braves. I was removed to a standing ovation in the seventh inning with a 3-1 lead, having struck out seven of the big boys, including Jeff Burroughs, the National League's hottest hitter. I think I surprised a few people. It took them a week to figure out what the hell to do with me. Then they sent me down to Savannah to pitch in real games. I had made it to the next plateau.

I joined the Savannah Braves on the road in Chattanooga. I walked into the clubhouse all smiles. But nobody smiled back at me. I soon found out why. It seems the guys liked me in spring training because they thought I was joking about a comeback. Now that I had replaced someone in the pitching rotation, I was a bad guy. The stiffest competition in the minors is never the opposing team. It's players on your own team. I had been to the big leagues once, so why didn't I stay home and give someone else a chance?

This kind of thinking was strange to me. These guys were clearly different from the players years ago. These kids believed someone owed them a chance. I grew up thinking you had to earn it. Do I sound like an old fogey?

The spring I made the Yankees, my competition was Robin Roberts, who was 35 years old, had 14 years in the big leagues and was a guaranteed Hall of Famer. It was down to me or him. At no time did the thought occur to me that he should step aside. Never entered my mind. If he beat me out, congratulations to him. I'd better go to work on my curve.

That's not the only thing about today's players. All summer long I saw hitters get called out on strikes with alarming frequency. There were more called strikeouts than swinging ones. Naturally, they said the umpires were blind, lazy, incompetent, retarded, without fathers, or all of the above. What amazed me was, after a player would scream at an umpire, during his next at bat, with two strikes, he'd take a close pitch again and leave it up to that same ump.

Why, back when I played, boys and girls, hitters swung that bat. Nobody got called out on strikes. If a pitch was close, it got swung at. A hitter took matters into his own hands. He didn't stand there with the bat on his shoulder waiting for a walk.

I remember Ralph Terry protesting when he had to pitch spring training games against minor-leaguers. They always bombed him. He said borderline pitches meant nothing to those free-swinging kids. They wanted to hit their way to the big leagues. Today's player is content to walk there.

Or walk out. One of my teammates last summer, an infielder, quit baseball because he wasn't called up to AAA in midseason, as the Braves had promised him. He was batting .173. I couldn't believe it. What's more, other players sympathized with him. It's an epidemic.

Another thing. Players complained about the condition of the fields. A Southern League ground crew consists of one old man with a rake, so the diamonds are always in bad shape. Hitters went 0 for 4 because the batter's box had footholes bigger than the Grand Canyon. Runners were thrown out stealing because the base paths were about as easy to run on as a beach. Pebble Beach. Balls were always taking bad hops. Yet nobody ever did anything about it.

Years ago, I remember players coming out four hours early to pick up stones at their positions or level out the batter's box. My Savannah teammates thought I was nuts when I rebuilt the mound each time I pitched. At home or on the road, I'd go out the morning before a game with a shovel and rake, dig up fresh clay and build myself a big league mound. I didn't want to lose even one ball game because the mound wasn't right. I once asked the fastest man on our team why he didn't shovel some clay between first and second base, make a firm running track and steal an extra 10 bases. He just smiled at me and walked away.

Why are today's players like this? Maybe they learned it in college. A minor league team used to be a very diverse group. There were kids right off the farm, high school drop-outs, ghetto dudes, a few older guys just out of service, and one or two college boys who always got nicknamed Professor or Harvard. Now it's all college guys except for a few imported Latinos. Scouts won't sign anybody else. The minor leagues are being phased out for a simple reason. It's cheaper to let colleges develop players. And college kids with more experience are easier to evaluate and less of a gamble to sign. Plus, a college draft cuts down on bidding for players. Baseball owners learned these things from NFL and NBA owners. In colleges, the instruction is better, too. They have coaches running around with stopwatches and videotape machines. Lower minor league teams used to have no coaches. Just an old alcoholic manager who threw a bag of balls on the field and said play.

And baseball's got this new thing called central scouting. A lot of scouts don't work for just one team anymore. After they watch a kid play, they send their reports to a bureau that feeds them into a computer. All the teams subscribing to the service then get a look at the readout. There's very little incentive to be the scout who beat the bushes and found the next Babe Ruth. The legendary Yankee scout, Tom Greenwade, would have had to feed Mickey Mantle's stats into the computer. The St. Louis Browns would have drafted him. Mickey Mantle of the St. Louis Browns. Mickey would have had to get drunk with Ned Garver.

This is a wonderful new system, except for one thing. They tend to miss a certain kind of player. Guys like Whitey Ford. Whitey would never get a contract today. Scouts don't hang around as much at places like Aviation High in New York, where Whitey went to school. Maybe Whitey would have gone to college. Maybe not. Even so, his stats wouldn't look good enough on the printout. Today, a player has got to have "the tools"—great arm, size, speed, power, etc. Five-foot-nine isn't big enough to be a pitcher today. The speed gun doesn't clock a sneaky fastball. There's no little box on the IBM card for cleverness. Guts and brains are tough to gauge if you don't get to know a kid well.

Scouts used to do that. They would talk to you after games, take you out to dinner, get to know your parents, become your friend. I remember that lots of guys signed with certain teams because they were friends with some scout. Or friends with a bird dog.

continued



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Bird dogs were people who scouted for a scout. They were usually retired guys who roamed the most obscure ball fields, getting to know players. The bird dog who found me was an elderly gent named Mr. Fred. Mr. Fred would watch me pitch and then buy me a hot dog and a Coke after the game. A small investment for the future. He used to give me tips. He'd tell me to wear a jacket over my arm to keep it warm between innings, or not to drink cold water on a hot day, things like that. I liked Mr. Fred. He was a bird dog for Art Stewart, the Yankee scout who signed me.

If a kid signed, the scout sent the bird dog some wandering-around money. If the kid made it to the big leagues, the bird dog got money and a nice gift at Christmas as long as the kid stayed up there. You could always spot a bird dog in the stands by his uniform—wide-brim hat, binoculars, stopwatch, pad, pencil and cigar. But not anymore. With central scouting, there is not much need for bird dogs. Like an endangered species, they're becoming extinct.

Another baseball species already extinct is the suspect. That's what players called guys who weren't prospects anymore. A suspect was an older guy kept around to fill out a roster, or because he was a local hero in some minor league town. He was a real downer to have around the clubhouse. The suspects were continually bitching. They always com-

plained that they should be playing in a higher league. I would ask a suspect what his batting average was in this league. Strangely enough, it was always low.

Today, there aren't enough teams to carry suspects. As soon as a kid ceases to be a prospect, "he gets his No. 1 box punched," as my Savannah roommate, Stu Livingstone, used to say (Box No. 1 means "released unconditionally" on the standard form given to every player who gets released, transferred, sold or waived). Suspects weren't all bad. You could learn a few things from them. Like how to chew tobacco or pick up a cocktail waitress.

Players today don't pick up girls too often. They don't need to. Their regular girl friends come live with them, even on road trips. Of course, that's against the rules. It's a \$200 fine if you get caught. Smart managers, like Bobby Dewes at Savannah, never check on their players. Last summer we got a letter from Hank Aaron reminding us about the fine for having girl friends in our rooms. For college guys who had lived in coed dorms, it was the funniest item on the bulletin board.

Except for the all-night bus trips, life on the road in the minors is very different now. Years ago, we'd stay at some old downtown hotel. We'd spend the day walking around town, playing pool, going to the movies. Now, the teams

continued



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BOUTON

(continued)

stay at those budget motels located at highway interchanges 20 miles from town. I didn't like being stuck out there. The only things you can walk to are a waffle house, a gas station or another motel. I wanted to visit the towns. I never felt like I was playing in the Southern League. It was more like the Interstate League. The scenery was always the same. It's bad enough when you stay at a motel and wake up looking at the wall and not knowing what town you're in. In the Interstate League, you can look out the window and not know what town you're in. The only thing to do was sit around the pool—no swimming after noon—and play backgammon. Or read a book. Now that's different. If you read books 10 years ago, you were strange. Twenty years ago, you were downright weird.

In spite of the age difference, I felt more at home with the Savannah Braves than I ever did with the Yankees. I always liked minor league players better. Major-leaguers lose perspective about themselves. It was that way with the Yankees. They thought fans were a nuisance. They hated reporters. And it's even worse now. "The old Yankees just ignored us," says a friend who covers the team. "The new Yankees scream and holler at us from across the room." Too many big-leaguers think playing baseball is some great contribution to society. They used to think the world owed them a living. Now, it's a fortune. Bill Russell, the former basketball player, said they're like that because they've been on scholarship since the third grade. Today's gargantuan salaries reinforce those misperceptions.

Last summer was the time of my life. After the Savannah players got used to me, I became the team guru. I was the fountain of all wisdom on matters of pitching, careers, love lives, etc. We'd sit around my room at night. I'd make some popcorn on my hot plate, and we'd have a few beers and shoot the bull. Or one of the players would bring some grass, and we'd pass around a few joints.

This certainly is a new thing in baseball. Years ago, players just got drunk. It was O.K. with the manager because he got drunk, too. Some managers will tell the whole team to go out and get drunk to forget a bad loss. Players today still drink, but more often they get high. Except for being against the law, grass makes more sense than booze. It's not fattening, and you don't have to play with a hangover.

Managers never tell a team to go get high. They're against marijuana the way temperance ladies used to be against alcohol. In spring training they give a warning speech about drugs. Not the kind of dangerous drugs that are used to make an injury heal faster, but the "drug" marijuana. As one coach put it, "Boys, if you get caught with Mary Jane, you better be hitting four-bleepin'-eighty at the all-star break." I was tempted to ask what kind of a record pitchers would need to have by the all-star break, but I bit my tongue just in time.

The drug speech wasn't very effective. I don't want to get anybody in trouble, or cause some big investigation, but from what I saw, about half the players on all teams, not just mine, smoked marijuana. One night, after he had downed about a six-pack, my Knoxville manager in '77, Jim Naper, asked me what he could do about players smok-

ing grass. I told him he might as well try to hold back the tide with his fingers. Ballplayers reflect society, and that's what's happening, especially in colleges. The law hasn't caught up yet. Naper asked why couldn't ballplayers just get drunk like they used to.

I had fun pitching in Savannah. I threw a one-hitter and a two-hitter and a 13-inning shutout, pitching in 100° heat after all-night bus rides and with two days' rest. I won 11, lost nine and pitched the league's most inexperienced team to a title. I won my division playoff game 4-1 and became the first pitcher to win the league's hustlingest-player award. By the end of the summer I was the best pitcher in the Southern League. The Atlanta Braves had to call me up.

I knew I was getting called up because I read it in the newspaper. That's how players find out. It's an old baseball tradition. For the past two years I had fantasized about getting back to the big leagues. I always saw myself crying for joy. When I walked into Atlanta's Fulton-County Stadium, I was floating as if in a dream. How large it was, compared to little Grayson Stadium in Savannah. When I got into my uniform, with my old No. 56 on it, and went out to the field, my heart was jumping out of my shirt. But I didn't cry, because it wasn't a gift. I had earned it. In fact, I was thinking they should have called me up a month earlier.

What a feeling, standing on the mound, listening to the national anthem, waiting to pitch my first game. I thought, how lucky I am! This was better than my first time around in 1962. Then I was nervous and too young to appreciate it. This I would savor. I had flown my family down for the weekend, along with a few friends, like Johnny Belson, who caught all those knuckleballs at 2 a.m., and Steve Katz, the trainer for the Portland Mavericks, who taught me to eat real food instead of junk. And Rob Nelson, pitching coach for the Mavericks. Rob said I was his first pupil to make it to the majors.

Thousands of players had made it to the big leagues once, no one had ever done it twice—from scratch. I knew I was a long shot because David, my 14-year-old miser, had bet \$5 I wouldn't make it. Now the early-morning workouts, the batting practices, the bus trips and the Mexican bathrooms were paying off. I felt like I was standing on top of Mount Everest. This was the thrill of my life.

In the next 24 hours I got the shock of my life. My first pitch to Dedger Second Baseman Davey Lopes was a called strike. Four pitches later, with a full count, I struck Lopes out, swinging, on a dancing knuckleball. The crowd roared. I felt like Rocky. After I got the next two hitters on easy outs, I ran to the dugout and threw my arms up in a victory salute. In the fourth inning the Dodgers broke up my no-hitter. Also my ball game. They scored five runs. My son Mike, 15, wasn't surprised. "I figured you'd get clobbered, Dad," he said afterward. But the day was more important than the game. And it was extraordinary fun. I laughed a lot—until I read the papers the next day.

"He showed me nothing," said Lopes. "Nothing." "It was a circus," said Reggie Smith. "It was like batting against Boris the Clown," said Rick Monday. "The commissioner should investigate this," said Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson. "We're in a pennant race. Bouton

(continued)

RCA announces SelectaVision 400.

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and changes channels
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...all by itself.



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RCA



CAUTION: The unauthorized recording of television programs and other materials may infringe the rights of others.

should have to pitch against the Giants and Reds, too."

Incredible! Sparky was losing a pennant, so I understood about him, but why were the Dodgers angry? My phone was ringing off the hook. Reporters wanted to know what I thought. I didn't know what to say. I felt sorry for the Dodgers, who were obviously suffering from sunstroke.

In his next game, Bono the Clown beat the San Francisco Giants 4-1. The pennant-contending San Francisco Giants. It should have been 4-0, but I threw a double-play ball into centerfield. After the game, reporters asked me if I had won because it was windy. I said that was it. The wind blew hot-dog wrappers around the field, and the batters couldn't see the ball. I had won my first major league game since July 11, 1970. I couldn't wait for the reviews.

"Next time I'm going to bring up my little boy to bat against him," said Bill Madlock, who was hitless in two at bats. "It was the most humiliating experience of my life," said Darrell Evans, who had a pop-fly double in three at bats. "Terrible," said Mike Ivie, who was hitless in three at bats. I almost forgot who won the game.

Johnny Sain told me later I had revolutionized the sport. I had invented a new way to judge baseball ability. Results in a game didn't count anymore. You just ask the opposition what they think.

Maybe the hitters were confused by how I got them out. Players today don't mind being outmuscled, but they hate being outsmarted. It looks foolish from the stands. Take Randy Jones of the Padres. When he was the Cy Young winner in 1976, some hitters said they "couldn't respect that" because he didn't throw hard enough. He didn't "challenge" the hitters. It's a macho thing. When Atlanta Reliever Gene Garber ended Pete Rose's hitting streak last year by getting him out with a changeup, Rose got mad. He said Garber should have "challenged" him with a fastball. This is a recent phenomenon in baseball. I heard it all summer in Savannah, too. Whenever a pitcher got a batter out with slow stuff, someone would holler, "Challenge the hitter, damn it!" I've got a question: Why? The last I heard, the object of the game for pitchers was to get hitters out.

I used to challenge the hitters. And win. When I won 21 for the Yankees in '63, every game was a battle. And I was heavily armed. But there's more than one way to skin a cat. Now I had no guns, no velocity, not even a great knuckleball. If you want to know the truth, just a little slider, and a sinker that Sain taught me in Richmond, and a changeup. But I never felt so much in control on a pitcher's mound as I did last summer. Now I had something else going for me. A new way of feeling about myself. A sense of being in control. What I brought to the game when I was 20 was strength and youth and bulldog determination. What I brought to the game at almost 40 was much more powerful. It was something I had found inside myself. It was what I had left home to look for.

Finding myself pushed me even farther away from my wife. We finally separated. But it also pulled me closer to my kids, Michael, David and Laurie, who's 12. When I was traveling, they were with me some of the time, but I'd been a part-time father. Now, they live with me half the time, and we are much closer.

When I first asked Ted Turner to give me a chance, I told him that Hoyt Wilhelm threw knuckleballs in the big leagues until he was 48. That meant I had almost 16 years left. Actually, I thought I'd play about five years. But it occurred to me that I wouldn't stay around that long right after I pitched that first game.

I was on the team flight from Atlanta to San Diego. It was a charter, and we had the whole plane to ourselves. I was sitting by myself in my own private row of six seats, the overhead lights were out, and most of the players either slept or played cards. And as I watched this scene, it suddenly hit me. This is boring. I had been on hundreds of flights like this years ago. It wasn't nearly as much fun as the bus rides in Savannah.

After I beat the Giants, I pitched a few more games. I went seven innings against the Astros. My pitching opponent, J. Rodney Richard, maybe the hardest thrower in baseball, chose the occasion to break the modern league strikeout record for righthanders. The flamethrower and the junkballer. We were each taken out with the score tied 2-2. A standoff. I loved the contrast. There was no criticism this time, just silence. Then Sparky Anderson of the Reds got his wish. I pitched against Cincinnati, and they beat me. But only 2-1. I allowed just five hits. Anderson said, "We didn't even hit the ball hard off him. We got two runs we shouldn't have gotten." Well, what do you know?

During my second tour as a major-leaguer, I had my own room at the best hotels, ate at fancy restaurants and changed clothes in carpeted locker rooms. But I could not shake the feeling I had on the plane. This was all too familiar. And not nearly as much fun as the cheap motels, or the chili at 3 a.m., or the steamy cement box that was called a locker room by the Savannah Braves.

I waited a while before I called Ted to tell him I wasn't coming back for another season. My desire to play ball had been so strong that I didn't trust this new feeling. I declared myself a free agent so the Braves wouldn't waste a contract on me. I could always sign with them in the spring if the feeling went away. But it didn't. And I'm glad.

I knew for certain it was the right decision about two months after the season ended. I had signed a contract to report sports for WCBS-TV in New York. The station was doing a half-hour news special about me. As part of it, they wanted me to throw a baseball to reporter Jim Jensen. We went to the Fairleigh Dickinson gym. I was surprised when I walked in. It was cold and bare, not warm and covey like it used to feel at two in the morning. And then I picked up a baseball. It felt strange to me. Uncomfortable in my hand. I gripped it again. And again I tried my knuckleball grip and swung my arm around. I couldn't make it feel right. A baseball used to feel like part of my body, an extension of my arm. Now it felt like some strange object. In the past I would have panicked. Now I was different. This time I simply smiled. Now I could release my grip on the baseball. It didn't matter anymore. Baseball had released its grip on me. And it was OK.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 26-April 1

PRO BASKETBALL—Paced by David Thompson's 31 points, Denver beat San Diego 120-121 for its seventh straight victory. The streak enabled the Nuggets to end their place in the Midwest Division from the unraveling Kings, who had held down the top spot since Nov. 13. Against the Clippers, who got 43 points from Lionel Allen, George McCloud suffered an ankle sprain that will sideline him for six weeks. The defeat dropped San Diego from fourth to fifth in a race. 75 points behind Portland in the race for the final Western Conference playoff spot (page 24). Following a 122-110 overtime loss to Milwaukee, which has won 13 of its last 13, the Blazers handed Atlanta Division champion Washington its worst home-court defeat in four years. Cover Team Blazers tossed in 30 points in the 122-104 victory. Portland's seventh in its last eight games. Moses Malone was the first to throw a 30-point game since he did so in 1977. He had 31-11-10 on over Central Division leader San Antonio and pulled the Rockets to within a half game of home place. Malone finished with 36 points and 19 rebounds. The Spurs, George Gervin's league's No. 1 scorer with a 29.6 average, posted a 46. On the same night, Walter Davis pumped in 40 and Paul Milsap added 25 to lead Phoenix, winner of five straight to a 115-111 win over Seattle. The Spurs, however, mustered a two-game lead over the Suns in the Pacific Division by beating Denver 125-105 for their eighth win in their last nine starts. (After Seattle Guard Gary Williams had scored 38, equalling his career high in a 111-101 defeat of Kansas City and 30 in a 115-109 win over San Diego. Gervin's Seattle's Robert Parish had 30 points and pulled down a career-high 32 rebounds in a 114-96 defeat of New York, and Rich Kelly had 41 points and 41 rebounds in three games for New Orleans. With the 12th of his 23 wins in a 124-113 loss to Los Angeles, Kevin Porter of Detroit became the first NBA player to leave after a 100th win in a season.

BOWLING—LARRY ANTHONY defeated Cliff McNeely 2-0 to win the Long Island Open in Garden City, N.Y.

CURLING—NORWAY beat Sweden 5-4 in Bern to win the world championship.

GOLF—JIM WATSON got a tournament record 18-under par 279 to win the \$300,000 Heritage Classic at Blount Head Island, N.C. by five strokes over L.J. Seiver.

JOANNE CARLIS swarmed a first-woman playoff to win a \$150,000 LPGA tournament in Costa Mesa, Calif. on the second extra hole. Carley, Nancy Lopez, Chaki Kaprielian, Jan Stephenson and Donna Caputo Yukon finished regulation play at 284 over even par.

HOCKEY—NHL Boston and Chicago joined the Islanders and Canadiens as division winners. The Bruins stopped the Adams side with a 4-1 defeat of Wash. and the Black Hawks, led by Grant Mankie's a hat trick, checked off a 3-1 victory with a 4-1 win over the Islanders. Two nights later the Islanders stopped Buffalo's five-game victory streak as Chico Resch stopped 32 shots on route to a 2-0 shutout. By beating Pittsburgh 3-1, Montreal halted the Penguins' unbeaten streak at 10 and gained a two-point lead over the Islanders in the race for the league's best record and home-ice advantage in the playoffs. Earlier the Penguins had secured a playoff berth with a 3-1 rout of the Rangers that featured a hat trick by Greg Malone. Led by Larry McDonald's three goals, Toronto got a playoff spot with a 4-2 defeat of Minnesota, and Los Angeles landed a berth by beating Detroit 3-4. The remaining slots will be filled by Philadelphia's Rangers, Atlanta, Vancouver and Buffalo.

WHA Back-to-back shutouts—3-0 over Edmonton and 2-0 over Winnipeg—helped Quebec to win a point of the first-place Calgary. Richard Brodeur was in the net both times for the Nordiques, and West Chester picked up his 72nd and 73rd goals. A single point is also all that separated Philadelphia's New England from fourth-place Winnipeg. As early as the net for the first in a bye into the semifinal round of the playoffs.

HORSE RACING—BUBBIC, a 23-1 shot ridden by Maurice Barnes, won the Grand National Steeplechase in Luttrell, England by 10 lengths over Zongolera. The Scots-trained 10-year-old was timed in 9:55 over the 4½ miles and 20 fences.

FLYING PANTHER (N.Y.), Donald Pines, ex. defeated Black Bay by 4½ lengths to win the \$192,400 Santa Anita Derby. The winner carried the 15 miles in 1:48 (page 18).

SOCCER—NASC. The Cosmos opened their defense of the league title by beating San Diego 2-1. Portland rallied from a 3-0 deficit behind Brian Gato's two goals and an assist to beat San Jose 4-3. Philadelphia extended its record to 5-1 as David Robb scored all three of the Fury's goals in a shutout of Rochester. Dallas, which led the league in the playoffs last year, beat Vancouver 2-1 in a shut-out for its second win without a loss.

SWIMMING—Fourteen-year-old SVETLANA YARGONOVA of the Soviet Union broke the women's world record for the 200-meter breaststroke at Moscow. Her time of 2:31.09 was .33 of a second faster than the mark set by Lina Karchanov of the U.S.S.R. last year.

TENNIS—JOHN MCENROE defeated John Alexander 6-4, 6-3 to win a \$200,000 WCT tournament in Miami.

WRESTLING—FIBAK upset top-ranked Guillermo Vias 4-2, 6-2, 3-6, 6-2 to win a \$75,000 Grand Prix best match in Stuttgart, West Germany.

CHIEF EVERETT beat Duane Frommholdt 3-6, 6-3, 4-1 to win a \$250,000 four-woman tournament in Cardiff, Calif. In the semifinals, Everett defeated Tracy Austin 4-1, 7-5, and Frommholdt beat Martina Navratilova 7-5, 6-1.

MILWAUKEE—ABSORBED By the NHL effort at the start of next season, the Edmonton Oilers, Quebec Nordiques, Winnipeg Jets, and New England Whalers of the WHA, which of the teams will play a 16 million entry fee. The league's two remaining clubs, the Cincinnati Stingers and Birmingham Bulls, will be disbanded (page 24).

DIED by drowning, CARROLL ROSENBLUM, 72, coach of the NHL Baltimore Colts (1993-71) and, from 1972 until the time of his death, the Los Angeles Rams in football (page 73).

HIT As baseball coach at UCLA, LARRY BROWN, 38, who resigned Feb. 5 as coach of the Denver Nuggets, has 655 victories as a pro coach. Brown had a 355-705 record.

As baseball coach at USC, STAN MORRISON, 39, who had a seven-year record of 106-58 at the University of Pacific.

TRADED By the Philadelphia Phillies, infielder RICHIE HENNER, 31, who hit .283 last season, and a major league player to the New York Mets for pitcher NINO LUPATTO, 25, who hit .145.

THE D. FLUOROS (L.A.) and EASTER, 65, former Cleveland Indians first baseman (1949-54), and one of the first blacks to play in the major leagues, of gunshot wounds, in Lucid, Ohio. A 214 lifetime batter. Easter hit what is believed to be the longest home run ever in Cleveland Stadium, a 457-foot shot into the upper rightfield stands on June 21, 1949. For the past 13 years he has been a chief steward for the Amtrak Workers Alliance at B.R. Inc.

CREDITS

26-27—Rita McNeil; 28—Lynn; 29—Cynthia; 30—Cynthia; 31—Richard; 32—Richard; 33—Richard; 34—Richard; 35—Richard; 36—Richard; 37—Richard; 38—Richard; 39—Richard; 40—Richard; 41—Richard; 42—Richard; 43—Richard; 44—Richard; 45—Richard; 46—Richard; 47—Richard; 48—Richard; 49—Richard; 50—Richard; 51—Richard; 52—Richard; 53—Richard; 54—Richard; 55—Richard; 56—Richard; 57—Richard; 58—Richard; 59—Richard; 60—Richard; 61—Richard; 62—Richard; 63—Richard; 64—Richard; 65—Richard; 66—Richard; 67—Richard; 68—Richard; 69—Richard; 70—Richard; 71—Richard; 72—Richard; 73—Richard; 74—Richard; 75—Richard; 76—Richard; 77—Richard; 78—Richard; 79—Richard; 80—Richard; 81—Richard; 82—Richard; 83—Richard; 84—Richard; 85—Richard; 86—Richard; 87—Richard; 88—Richard; 89—Richard; 90—Richard; 91—Richard; 92—Richard; 93—Richard; 94—Richard; 95—Richard; 96—Richard; 97—Richard; 98—Richard; 99—Richard; 100—Richard.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PAUL STETSON
Senior N.J.

TINA STETSON
Senior N.J.

Paul and his sister Tina, both former YMCA national dress champions, won an intercollegiate title apiece this year. A 22-year-old senior at Cornell and an All-American, Paul won the Eastern Seaboard one-meter champion for the third straight time and became the first dwer in 15 years to achieve a three-meter/one-meter double. A 21-year-old junior at Barnard College, Tina won the three-meter competition at the Ivy League championships for the second time in three years.



TIM MERZWEILER
All-American

Tina, a 132-pound wrestler at Santa High, had 20 take-downs and 53 points in a match against Goodwin High. He finished his high school career with 58 straight wins and two state titles, taking the 126-pound division as a junior.



BABE LOMBARDO
Hale Center Team

JOE LOMBARDO
Hale Center Team

Babe, 28, and her husband Joe, 26, each coached a girls' basketball team to a Texas high school championship this year. Babe's Hale Center Owls had a 30-3 record and a 46-79 win over Rivercrest High in the Class A title game. The same day, Joe, who won in his first year of coaching, guided the North Shore Southerners, who were 36-4, to a 44-43 victory over Weatherford Rock for the Class B championship. Their teams met once during the season and his edged hers 73-32.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

PLAYOFFS

Sir

Your coverage of the college basketball playoffs (March 19 et seq.) has been outstanding. And the quality of basketball being played is better than ever. It's really a shame that the college football moguls and the television networks can't also see the same advantages in a playoff system for the No. 1 spot in the No. 1 sport. Once again, we have an undisputed college basketball champion. And once again, we have a disputed college football champion (although Alabama should have been a shoe-in). Let's hope a change is forthcoming.

MARTY FOLAN
Fairborn, Ohio

Sir

Regarding the NCAA basketball tournament, it just goes to show that a postseason playoff system is a damn poor way to select the national champion.

WILLIAM VALCHIN
Duke '70
Tulsa

MOM'S CHOICE

Sir

Davidson College may have given Tom Leifson rides in a helicopter and in a Rolls-Royce, but the University of Pennsylvania gave him a ride into the final four of the NCAA tournament. The article by Marlan Leifson on the recruiting of her son (*A House Divided*, March 5) was great, and if this doesn't prove that Mother knows best, I don't know what will.

DARRELL BAILEY
Cleveland

1964'S CHAMPS

Sir

Congratulations on the absorbing article by Frank Deford on UCLA '64 (*The Team of '64*, March 26). As a basketball buff from way back, I often wonder what happened to the players on some of the super college teams.

I handled the publicity for the 1964 Olympic Basketball Trials at St. John's in New York, and we were all interested in the undefeated Bruins who tried out, but, alas, they were physically and mentally spent after their grueling regular-season and postseason play.

Many of us at the Trials felt that if only one UCLA player was to be selected by the committee, as turned out to be the case, it should have been young Gail Goodrich. However, the committee knew of the many contributions of Walt Hazzard over a three-year period, and he really earned his place on that Olympic team headed by Princeton's Bill Bradley.

I doubt if you could have uncovered a story more pulsating than the after-basketball adventures of those players who put UCLA on the map. Thanks.

C. ROBERT PAUL JR.
Director of Communications
U.S. Olympic Committee
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir

Many thanks for the retrospective on the '64 Bruins. Frank Deford's nostalgic walk through Westwood had just the right mix of wistfulness and fond memories. But tell Keith Erickson that he's wrong. I remember that '64 team. So do many others.

JON UDDELL
Los Angeles

Sir

Thank you and Frank Deford for bringing back the memory '64 was the year of the Forest Heights Junior High Eagles of Little Rock, Ark., too. I remember us well—not a starter over 5'11", low turnover rate, high shooting percentage and, yes, a suffocating full-court press that enabled us to win the state championship game by two points. See, when we took the court, we became the UCLA Bruins, our idols. My name might as well have been Erickson or Hirsch or Goodrich.

Your article was great. I read it with goose bumps and a lump in my throat. Memories of championships are one of life's pleasures.

CHIP PAYNE
Jonesboro, Ark.

Sir

In 1964 I was a junior in high school. Reading Frank Deford's article was like looking through my yearbook or attending my 15th-year class reunion. Just as it is nice to hear that my classmates are doing well, it is good to read that the Bruins of '64 are also fine.

STEVE FLOYD
Fayetteville, Ark.

Sir

I wonder, what with the pressures of big-time college athletics today and the big-dollar wonderland of the pros, if such a happy ending would befall more recent championship teams. Times have changed since 1964 and so, it is sad to say, have the athletes playing the college game.

BON BOWDAX
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir

The article pointed out the true meaning of athletics. The attitudes of these men serve as a positive reflection not only on themselves, but also on their coach, John Wooden.

GREG MCGLOUGH
Columbus, Ohio

Sir

Is it by mere chance that Jack Hirsch, the maverick of the '64 Bruins, now calls John Wooden "Mr.," instead of "J.W."? I doubt it. The Wizard of Westwood has no peers—and not just because he won 10 NCAA titles.

BEN ANDERSON
Greensboro, N.C.

DR. J AND THE SIXERS

Sir

It is ironic that in the same issue with a story on the '64 Bruins you include one on Julius Erving (*Hey, What's Up with the Doc?*, March 26). The Bruins were an extremely well-coached team and played team offense and team defense with definite roles for the players and with definite game strategies. The '76ers, on the other hand, seem to be coached according to the talent-conquer-all philosophy, with no role definition for the players or any game plan for any given opponent. If the Sixers were coached—and played—more like the '64 Bruins instead of an NBA all-star squad, then Fitz Dixon's and Philadelphia's dreams of a dynasty would become reality. There's nothing wrong with the Doctor's game that a well-coached team wouldn't cure.

KERRY H. SABBIS
Seminole, Fla.

MASCOTS

Sir

The picture drawn of San Diego's sports mascot in SCORECARD (March 26) was not entirely accurate. Anyone who would refer to the KGB Chicken as "Chicken Man" in San Diego would be tarred, feathered and run out of town. The thought of the Chicken being "inspired by Sesame Street's Big Bird" is equally revolting to San Diego fans. Nor is the Chicken's appeal "non-threatening," as is that of his imitators. In fact, it is his readiness to get cocky with opposing players and flash his feathers at unappreciated officials that makes him popular. Originality is just one of the qualities that make the Chicken the favorite figure in San Diego.

JOHN FANESTIL
La Jolla, Calif.

CARTER AND WETZEL

Sir

In her article *Carter's Little Thrills* (March 5), Nancy Williamson writes that Fred Carter was the first ex-NBA player hired to direct a women's basketball program. My brother, John Wetzels, who is now coaching the Washington Lumberjacks in the WBA and who played in the NBA from 1967 to 1976 (L.A. Phoenix, Atlanta) preceded Carter in that distinction by a couple of years. He was

head coach of the women's program at Virginia Tech during the 1976-77 season.

KARL WETZEL
Portland, Ore.

NOT THAT FAST
Sir:

Does the New England Patriots' Backo Kilroy, or anyone else, really believe that Kirk Gibson or any other professional football or baseball player really runs 40 yards in 4.2 seconds (Wood Bats Drive Ham Bats, March 26)? I am sick of hearing NFL propagandists and glib TV commentators constantly make such patently absurd claims. That they are ridiculous is clearly illustrated by a report in *Track & Field News*, March 1979, page 40 in a "You Gotta Be a Football Hero" 60-yard dash in Los Angeles. Curtis Dickey, Johnny Lam Jones and James Owens—world-class sprinters as well as football players—were timed in 6.29, 6.32 and 6.35, respectively. This means, says *Track & Field News* Editor Bert Nelson, that Dickey, the winner, would have passed the 40-yard mark in about 4.7 seconds—"in track gear, with spikes, from blocks, against very fast opposition, and in a highly competitive situation."

DAN HERBERT
Salina, Kans.

MANTLE'S YANKEES
Sir:

In response to your response to Alan Rosen's letter (March 26) about Ron Patinkin's statement, "The Yankees got two," in Philip Roth's short novel *Goodbye, Columbus*, you were almost right. Big Ron did love the Yankees, not the Red Sox. And, yes, he did splash up to sister Brenda to crush over a Yankee doubleheader sweep. But no, it was not the Joe DiMaggio-led Yankees that thrilled Ron. As Brenda explained to boyfriend Neil Klagman, "When the Yankees win, we set an extra place for Mickey Mantle." At the time of Roth's novel, 1959, Joe D. was no longer leading the Yankees, having been retired for eight years.

JOHN R. MILLS
Royal Oak, Mich.

BLACK AND BLUE
Sir:

What makes you think that you have the right to editorialize a team right out of the NHL (Scorecard, March 19)? As a 10-year season-ticket holder of the St. Louis Blues, I can assure you that the game has been "going over" here. Since the 1967 NHL expansion, what team has done more to consistently bring out dedicated, disciplined and courteous fans?

Griated, attendance has fallen off as a result of the Blues' record the last four years, but a team's success can run in cycles and is related to management philosophy. The Ralston Purina Company and President Emile Francis have taken the necessary steps (in only two years) to rebuild fan interest and a winning team. And how many other NHL teams

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19TH HOLE *continued*

have ever averaged more than 15,000 fans per game for six straight years?

Go ahead and take your shots at Colorado, Pittsburgh, Washington and Chicago, but give the management in St. Louis credit for attempting to turn things around.

DOUGLAS G. MILLER
 Bolivar, Mo.

Sir

In the best of all possible worlds, the NHL would not get out of Chicago, as you suggest, but would see to it that the city is represented once again by a major league team.

Since the Black Hawks allowed Bobby Hull to leave in 1972, there has been a steady decline in the team's performance. However, with the Hawks playing in a gerrymandered division, with the likes of St. Louis, Colorado and Vancouver, management has had little incentive to obtain superior players.

So it is that the Black Hawks sleepwalk to a division title and then fall flat on their faces in the playoff; their current string of 12 consecutive defeats in Stanley Cup play is a record.

It is a tribute to the intelligence of Chicago hockey fans that they now stay away from the stadium that once attracted 20,000 and more for home games. Until such time as the Black Hawks are competitive, the fans will continue to stay away.

JOHN JAY WILLIAMS
 Battle Creek, Mich.

LOCK HAVEN WRESTLER

Sir

THE FACES IN THE CROWD here on Anthony Calderaro of Boca Raton, Fla. (March 5) says he became "the first schoolboy [wrestler] in the country to go undefeated in dual matches for four consecutive years in four different weight classes."

This is to call your attention to an earlier schoolboy who wrestled in four different weight classes and went undefeated not only in all of his dual matches, but also in four years of tournament competitions.

In 1958, Mike Johnson, then a Lock Haven (Pa.) High School freshman, went undefeated all the way to the 95-pound state championship. The next year, while competing at 103 pounds, he again went undefeated and won his second state title. In 1960, he moved up to 112 pounds and repeated the feat, winning a third state championship. And as a senior in 1961, Mike wrestled at 120 pounds and was one of four Lock Haven wrestlers to win a state crown, again going undefeated the entire season.

Mike concluded his high school career with a record of 84 wins, no losses, no ties and very few close matches. So dominant was he that in his four years of competition he was never even taken down. His overall achievements would be considered no small feat anywhere, but they were especially impressive as one of the top wrestling states in the nation. Now the head wrestling coach at Du

continued

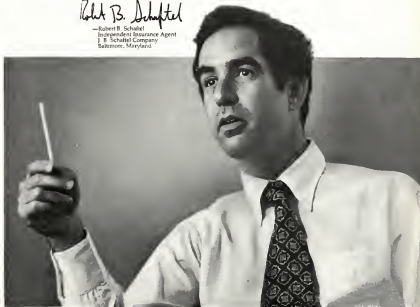
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19TH HOLE continued

Boys (Pa.) High School, Mike Johnson is remembered by all Pennsylvania wrestling fans as one of the greatest they ever had the pleasure to watch.

PALL M. TAYLOR
 Secretary
 Douthett Mt. Club
 Lock Haven, Pa.

Sir: Jerry Maurey, who wrestled at Clearfield (Pa.) High School, was undefeated at 112 pounds in 1947, at 120 pounds in 1948, at 127 pounds in 1949 and at 138 pounds in 1950. He had 6½ consecutive wins, and he was the state champion in all four of those weights.

LAWRENCE T. MARINO
 Clearfield, Pa.

CRITICS

Sir: Concerning Frank Deford's review of unbearable variations on *The Bad News Bears* (MOVIES, March 26), I'm glad someone has finally blown the whistle on such stuff and nonsense. Right on, Frank!

EDWIN ROBERTS
 Los Angeles

Sir:

My advice to Frank Deford is to stick to sports writing and forget about being a movie critic. I for one thought *Ice Castles* was great!

CHIRN GLAIN
 Chinoak, Wash.

BIKES

Sir:

As one whose primary means of transportation is a "clunky, fat, lovable balloon-tire bicycle," I appreciated Lowell Cohn's recent article (NINEALGIA, March 12). I've had my bike, which I bought secondhand, for some 28 years. The odometer reads 7,500, with many more miles unrecorded, and I had just put my last unused tire in service the day before I read the article. My bike works fine for carrying home the groceries and you can't beat the gas mileage, but a set of tires does well to last 1,000 miles.

DENNIS J. HOPPER
 Lexington, Va.

Sir:

A few years ago I rebelled against racing handlebars and put uprights on my 16-speed Monocoque. Not only can I now see something besides the roadway but also my arms are able to share the work with my legs, so that hill-climbing is easier. I strongly urge non-racers who like everything about 10-speeds except the handlebars to ignore the spurious arguments for racing handlebars and install the common-sense variety.

HERBERT W. YORSE
 Seattle

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